Record of Christian Work

VOL. XXXVIII. MAY, 1919 NO. 5.

CALL TO THE NORTHFIELD GENERAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

The perplexities which confront the world in its readjustments after the war are as difficult, in some respects, as the problems of the war itself. During the conflict the issues were clearly defined. The nations knew what they were striving for. Now that the struggle has terminated, this has changed. Able men entertain widely divergent views. Conditions that are unprecedented call for solution. The demands of justice conflict with those of clemency, and it is not always easy to determine what the true Christian course should be.

At the same time, the Church is challenged with unparalleled responsibilities and opportunities. Millions of the youth of the country have awakened to the need of making revaluations in life. In the light of what has transpired in the past two years, they have realized how superficial and unworthy many of the ambitions of earlier years have been. There is, we believe, a new spiritual sense, inarticulate, and yet yearning for expression. To this opportunity the Church must address itself with earnest prayerfulness and wisdom.

It is with this realization of present need that we invite the Christian public to gather at Northfield in conference August 1 to 17, seeking first of all for personal preparation for increased service, and by counsel, fellowship, and prayer to discover the means for the most effective ministry of the Church of Christ.

Among the speakers who are to be present to take part in the Conference are the following: Rev. J. D. Jones, D. D., of Bournemouth, England; Rev. J. Stuart Holden, D. D., and Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D. D., of London, England; Rev. Harris E. Kirk, D. D., of Baltimore, Md.; Rev. A. T. Robertson, D. D., of Louisville, Ky.; and Mr. Melvin Trotter, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

W. R. Moody.

East Northfield, Mass.,
May 1, 1919.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY.

American Notes. **The Daily Vacation Bible Schools** have had a remarkable expansion among the Presbyterian churches in San Francisco. Dr. Robert S. Donaldson is the leader and thirty schools with an active enrollment of over 2400 have been in actual operation within the Presbytery's bounds. According to the *Assembly Herald,* schools of this type are proving of value in small towns as well as in the cities. In the Iron River District, a mining community in Michigan, six schools were conducted last summer for five weeks. Over five hundred children were enrolled from among twenty different nationalities. Two of these schools were held in churches, one in a public school, two in community houses at mine locations and one in a Finnish Socialist hall. Forty teachers coöperated to make

them a success and aside from four on the parish staff all were volunteers. An outlay of $184 covered all expenses.

A Large Amount of Confiscated Church Property of value belonging to the Mexican National Government was lately discovered hidden in two railway cars which were about to cross the border into the United States. The property will now be deposited in the National Museum in the City of Mexico and the parties violating the law prosecuted.

The Value of the Gideon Bible is illustrated in this story from a California paper. Miss Eva Tanguay, a vaudeville actress, coming to her room in a hotel, happened upon a Bible which lay there and noticed the reference, "If discouraged or in trouble read John xiv."

"From that moment," she says, "I read and read. My one aim and desire now is to go before the people of our American cities and impart to them knowledge of the Bible."

She has memorized long passages of Scripture which she repeats without prompting or notebook and hopes soon to take up evangelistic work.

Beside the Old North Church of Boston and in harmony with its Georgian architecture has been built a church for the Italian members of the parish, which bears the name of the Chapel of St. Francis of Assisi. Mr. Sartorio, a Waldensian, is vicar of this Episcopal Mission among Boston Italians. The Rev. John J. Romolo, pastor of a Presbyterian Mission among Italians, is in great demand as a speaker at mass meetings in Greater Boston. Every Tuesday he addresses a noonday meeting at a large shoe factory and is doing effective editorial work on the Italian daily newspaper of the city.

Dr. John Haynes Holmes, who has cut loose from Unitarianism to take up social reconstruction as his religion, draws his inspiration, he tells us, from Professor F. G. Peabody, Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, Henry D. Lloyd and Henry George. Mr. George was an Episcopalian, Professor Rauschenbusch and Mr. Lloyd sons of Baptist and Dutch Reformed pastors, respectively. Mr. Holmes was the pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York. One of the first things he did after making his transition was to appoint a committee to determine on a new name for the church. "The name of a church, like that of a business, is an advertisement and should tell what it stands for. Our name suggests a hope of ancient Judaism." In other words, Mr. Holmes does not look for a coming Messiah to take into His omnipotent hands the task of reconstruction which humanity has shown itself so incompetent to carry through. "Men must be lifted out of poverty, disease, war, because their heritage is the life of God." True, and we have all sympathy for those who are engaged in alleviating the ancient and age-long ills. But "the poor always ye have with you," and "wars and rumours of wars" were foretold by the Lord until the end. Only One can redeem man individually,—the Saviour Christ; and only One will ever redeem humanity collectively,—the Lord Christ.

While Dr. Holmes Abandons His Church One of the Most Gifted of the Socialist Leaders, Mr. Stitt Wilson, has returned to the church of his fathers. Mr. Wilson was at one time in the Methodist ministry; in later life, mayor of Berkeley, Calif., and an eloquent and wise advocate of socialism. He has united with Trinity Church, Berkeley. We judge that this reconciliation with Christian church life indicates no change in his economic and social positions.

The Mormon Church, according to a correspondent in the *Standard,* is undergoing some profound and subtle changes.

"The Bible is being used by Mormons more now than ever; the Book of Mormon less. They have revised their hymn book and omitted many of the old songs which were prayers of vengeance for the death of Joseph Smith. In their place are found Christian hymns. They greatly desire to be recognized as at least one of the Christian denominations."

To this end they have taken a very prominent part in Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross activities. Mormon elders have worked with Christian ministers for months, speaking from the same platforms and serving on the same committees. Mormon elders have addressed congregations from Baptist pulpits and pleaded for generous

supports of the great war philanthropies. Further,

"it is not uncommon for a Christian minister to speak in a Mormon church at a funeral and preach a sermon on salvation by grace, to be followed by a Mormon elder with a presentation of salvation by works according to the teachings of Joseph Smith."

What the motive of the Mormons in this *rapprochement* to the Gentiles is, may perhaps be guessed and may possibly appear later.

The Gospel Church of Cleveland, Ohio, has an Annual Missionary Day preceded by a four days' convention. Last year the offering was over $8000, yet the membership is but 250. The church has five of its members on the foreign field and, in addition to supporting these, contributes to over thirty other missionary societies. On this missionary day fifteen of the young people publicly dedicated their lives to missionary work.

The National War Council of the Lutheran Churches plans the establishment of twenty hotels in various cities of the country as one contribution to after-war needs. One hotel will be opened immediately in the Loop District in Chicago and one at Waukegan. The Chicago hotel will have accommodation for a thousand men, the cost of beds to be twenty-five cents a night.

Ex-President Roosevelt's Burial Day was kept as a day of national mourning in Cuba, all places of business and amusement being closed by decree of President Menocal. At the precise hour of interment the National Theater, one of the largest theaters in the world, was filled by Cubans who had come to honor the memory of their nation's friend. But when a memorial meeting was announced in the Episcopal Cathedral the Bishop of Havana published a letter in the press stating that

"inasmuch as the Catholic Church has fulminated the decree of excommunication against all Catholics who attend religious services performed by whatsoever sect, I perform my duty by making this public, reminding all faithful Catholics of the existing prohibition with its penalty, in order that none may incur it by attending religious services performed by the so-called Episcopal Church."

Yet the church was filled to the doors with "the faithful" together with a distinguished company of officials, diplomats and other prominent people.

There is a Baptist Church in Ranger, Texas, far out on the prairie, which numbers twenty-nine members. Recently an oil well was sunk by prospectors on its premises and the gusher which came to the surface had soon poured into the church's lap the sum of $200,000 in royalties. The people of the church, instead of voting this money to themselves, are using it as a trust for God's work. They have already distributed $100,000 to Baptist schools and orphanages in Texas and are to make like disposition of similar incomes. They have been offered a round million for the graveyard which the church owns.

The Woodlawn Avenue Church of Cleveland was formerly a prosperous Presbyterian family church of the best type. Since then the community has altogether changed. Under the leadership of the Rev. Joel B. Hayden, however, the church is having a new period of usefulness. This is Mr. Hayden's statement:

"We are lending our building to the public schools for teaching music to the blind children of the community. It has opened its doors to the negroes with the result that the first Colored Presbyterian Church in Cleveland has been formed within its walls. It has tried to put fine music at the disposal of the community and its great auditorium has been crowded to the limit. It has built up a programme of religious education for the little people week day, Sunday and vacation time, covering all nationalities and comprising children from more than three hundred homes. It has given its gymnasium and related equipment for the use of boys and girls and young people so that the floor is busy every afternoon and four evenings a week. It has built up with local leadership an active boy scout organization, Jewish and Gentile; it has the best campfire groups in the city, thanks to the special qualities of leadership of its director of religious education and its parish visitor; it has held special services for Bohemians, bringing to the church audiences of from six to nine hundred for information and inspiration."

The American Presbyterian Board has Transmitted to Syria contributions of Syrians all over the world to suffering relatives to the amount of $2,000,000. In addition to this it has administered through its missionaries $2,000,000 more, contributed by the American public.

A Cable to President Wilson Asking for Action in Behalf of Universal Religious Liberty on the part of the Peace Congress has been sent by the American Bible Society. It seeks

"ample provision for securing and maintaining complete religious freedom throughout the world,"

basing this request on the fact that in its experience it has discovered

"numerous parts of the world where under various exercises of authority religious freedom does not exist and Christian missionaries and distributers of the Bible cannot engage in their work."

The Census of Church Membership for 1916, issued by the United States Government, discloses the fact that while the total in 1890 was 20,597,954 and in 1906, 32,936,445, in 1916 it reached 41,926,854. This includes, of course, Roman Catholics and Jews.

One of the Sights of Present-Day New York is the thousands of Jewish clothing workers walking during the noon hour up and down lower Fifth Avenue. They are mostly employed in clothing manufactories in the side streets. The Rev. B. A. M. Schapiro of the Hebrew Publication Society is planning to conduct evangelistic work among them by holding daily meetings in a rented store on one of these side streets.

A Growing Concern in Religious Literature. There is nothing moribund about the Chicago Tract Society. Its ministry now extends to sixteen states and its aggregate distribution of literature through its twenty-nine missionaries amounted in 1918 to 11,956,000 pages. Among its publications of last year were a Polish edition of Dr. Sheldon's "In His Steps, or What Would Jesus Do?" a Russian booklet, "The Legitimate Use of the Sword," designed to meet the Bolshevik propaganda, and "The Eternal Problem" in both Yiddish and English. Of this last, seventy thousand copies were used during the year for circulation among Jews, chiefly in New York. The Rev. M. M. Aijian of Detroit appeals for literature prepared specially for Mohammedans in the United States. At the yearly meeting of the directors the Rev. Joseph Olzar, in behalf of the Protestant Poles, called attention to efforts being made to establish a State Church in Poland and urged the society to call on President Wilson to use his influence to prevent this. Donations during the year were received from over 300 churches and 3000 individual contributors,—a record in spite of the complications of war finance. The report of the society states that

"the problem of evangelizing and Americanizing the alien neighbors is upon us as never before. We realize that this problem is for us fundamental to the still greater problem of evangelizing a lost world. We all feel that our society is now at the dawn of a new day, larger in opportunity of service than anything of which we have dreamed in the past."

We notice in the last issue of *Mexico* the statement, made in a recent "Religious Efficiency Congress" in the City of Mexico, that Mexicans have been found so anxious to read religious literature as *to buy five cent tracts on the installment plan!* Certainly the success of Christian Science, Seventh Day Adventist and Mormon propaganda has been due largely to their use of literature. Not long since Seventh Day Adventists shipped from their publishing plant into one of the Southern States for their colporteurs, two freight cars filled with their literature. This was a single shipment. The Watchtower Publishing Company of the Russellites also recently placed an order for 37,000,000 copies of their publications. These are for free distribution throughout the country. The order required 2100 tons of paper and the company paid cash for the entire order.

Can the American Tract Society match that?

Liberia as Threshold to a New Africa. An appeal to Afro-Americans to engage in work for Africa's welfare has been made recently by the Rev. Dr. N. H. B. Cassell, president of the College of Liberia. Dr. Cassell was addressing the student body of Hampton Institute. He said in part:

"God places a duty upon you Afro-Americans to whom He has given these wonderful opportunities, to go into Africa and build Africa up. This is the message which I bring to Afro-Americans and particularly to the younger Afro-Americans who are in school.

"Afro-Americans are not really and truly

awake to the fact that there is a point of contact between themselves and the Republic of Liberia. They have been disposed to dissociate themselves from African problems.

"He who follows history at present, he who reads the signs of the times, must realize that Africa, in the readjustment which is now taking place at the world's great conference, is going to be assigned its proper place, that its people are no longer to be exploited; that international justice and international good will will be realized and exercised upon the same principle as personal justice.

"Think of Liberia as being possibly the great pivot wheel around which is to be evolved that great republic in Africa; that Liberia, having been established on the West Coast of Africa through American philanthropy, is going to be the gateway through which is to be established in Africa a great democracy. Liberia has stood for seventy years contending with tremendous odds while all of Africa except it has been divided among European peoples. Liberia stands for quite a different thing than the methods of the peoples who have been colonizing Africa. It stands for republican ideas in Africa. It stands for the establishment of the religion of Jesus Christ in Africa. It stands for the adoption of a national ideal."

"Maynooth Machiavellism." The London *Spectator* gives this explanation, probably as true as it is squalid, of the present *impasse* in Irish politics. It says:

"All Irishmen know that why the whole of the south and west of Ireland is not enjoying Home Rule is because the Roman Church long ago determined that it was not in its interests to have Home Rule though it was in its interests to pretend to want it. Therefore the Roman Church pinned its faith and its policy to a condition which it knew would prevent Home Rule without appearing to prevent it. It declared that there could be no Home Rule which involved the partition of Ireland, knowing full well that the local majority in the Six Counties made it impossible in the last resort that the English people would ever consent to Home Rule. This scheme of Maynooth Machiavellism was particularly attractive to the Irish mind. It enabled the Bishops to pose as the best of Irish patriots while at the same time making it quite certain that Home Rule should never be granted. . . . . We venture to prophesy that instead of Sinn Fein being kept under the control of Ultramontane Catholicism by the device which we have just described the end will be that Sinn Fein will take on a Bolshevik character and will prove to be the means by which a great many of the Irish people will be drawn into heresy and the renunciation of religious ties and duties. When that becomes a visible fact, as we believe it soon will, be assured that we shall see the Roman Church in Ireland imploring the British people, with a mixture of prayers and menaces, to free it from the monster of its own creation, that worst form of soulless selfishness, 'Ourselves Alone.'"

Large Anti-Conscription collections were pressed out of Irish Romanists during the agitation of some months ago by their clerical shepherds. Now that conscription is no longer threatening the latter are endeavoring to appropriate these funds. In Strokestown a proposal was made to make a present of the amount collected from several districts in the Strokestown area—something over £100—to the local priests. A letter appears in the *Irish Catholic* December 28, suggesting that the entire amount be devoted partly to the making of priests and nuns for the Chinese Mission and partly to the upkeep of St. Columba's College, Galway; while Dr. Colahan, Bishop of Cork, has issued an appeal that the money collected in his diocese be handed over to him for the building of a cathedral "to perpetuate the memory of the National opposition to Conscription."

A Dutch Defender of the Church. This is Dr. Phillip Kohnstamm, professor of thermodynamics in the University of Amsterdam. Dr. Kohnstamm was born and educated outside any connection with Church life, he tells us, but is convinced that

"to neglect the Church leads and must lead to the impoverishment of our spiritual life and ultimately to irreparable loss." "This avowal," he continues, "has not been easy to me. I see still vividly before me how many were the objections to every Church organization with which I was filled some fifteen years ago. Deeply convinced that no human institution may intrude between man and his God, I judged her in her deepest being, if not detrimental, at least superfluous."

Other experiences have wholly reversed this opinion.

"I have learned to see that we human beings are not detached units but that we have our places in large spontaneously growing communities, that we owe what is best and greatest in our lives to the immediate or mediate contact with them and

that we languish, decline and wither when we are cut off from this contact. In my opinion this constitutes the most essential feature of the inner nature of the Church."

Dr. Kohnstamm has learned to acknowledge himself as one of the multitude who owe their spiritual possessions to the fact that throughout the ages there had been a faithful guardian of the highest goods of humanity.

"I felt myself confronted with the bewildering question, To whom did I owe what I knew to be my most precious possession? It is true that in my whole life I had not come in direct contact in any way with any Church. But I had been allowed to draw profusely from the abundance of the spiritual treasures of mankind; by attending to the lesson taught by the greatest spirits I had succeeded in freeing myself from the materialistic and atheist views which, in the days of my boyhood, I had admired as the deepest wisdom."

It is suggestive that these convictions forced themselves upon him when, after having been bred in town, he came into somewhat closer contact with life in the country. Such questions pressed in on him as:

"What would become of the spiritual life in our country if everywhere the Church steeples should be removed from these fields and all the parsonages should be turned into plain villas? Would it be a gain or a loss? What would take the place of the Church as the guardian of piety and tradition? Who would keep the torch of religious light burning and who would hand it down from generation to generation?"

A Practical Conclusion. Professor Kohnstamm is talking to the members of the Dutch Student Christian Movement and he notices the frequent indisposition of even religious students to church-going. He aptly warns against "the æstheticizing of religion" in the sense of waiting for moods as some artists are supposed to do. Inspiration comes at the right time. God gives the moments of great creative power.

"But they are prepared for by still concentration, by indefatigable and faithful daily work, by the power of good and regular fixed habits.

"So in the religious life. We can and must prepare for religious experience by practising faithful and good habits. Rich is the blessing that springs from this apparent monotony. And happy is he who has grown up in regular and unquestioned traditions. How difficult it is in later life to acquire something that resembles such a tradition can only be realized by one who himself has felt his helplessness. Therefore hold fast what God has given you in the circle in which you have been brought up.

"When you thus try to accustom yourselves to fixed habits, to regular forms, you will find with astonishment how rich are the fruits that they bear. Here, too, I may speak from my own experience. At the beginning I told you that I kept away from the Church, for many years. At first I changed this more from a sense of duty than because I felt the need. May I here be allowed to bear witness to my gratitude for the blessing, the enrichment and deepening of all my life which I have been privileged to experience as a consequence of this?"

Dr. Kohnstamm sharply condemns

"that particular form of pride that turns away from the Church on account of its spiritual imperfections, which thinks itself justified in emancipating itself prematurely from these earthly bonds in which God has placed us, that pride which makes us behave as if we could already realize the Kingdom of God now and here."

He turns upon the critics of the Church with these significant sentences:

"If we have grievances against the Church, the Church has had no less cause in the course of the last half-century to complain of the attitude of 'the cultured,' among whom we university people may certainly reckon ourselves. Where has she seen decisive convincing proofs that the majority of the circles of intellectuals, of the bearers of culture, are willing to devote themselves to her service, to assist her in her task to carry the Gospel into the world? Has there not been and is there not still an utter indifference to her work? And he who is indifferent foregoes every right to complain."

So he concludes to his Dutch student hearers:

"In spite of all her defects you must not abandon the Church, you must continue to give her your attention, your love. In spite of all that is earthly and human she remains indispensable for the final realization of the Kingdom of God."

"The Lord's Return and Its Influence Upon Life." This is the title of an address delivered at a Cannon Street Hotel Meeting of English ministers by Dr. Moule, the Bishop of Durham. Dr. Moule declared himself an unreserved believer in the fact of predictive

prophecy. That such predictions have been fulfilled in the past is clear from the prophecy of the seventy weeks at the end of the ninth chapter of Daniel.

"This interval of weeks of years, beginning with Artaxerxes and Nehemiah, closed just upon the actual date of the public manifestation of the Son of man."

Dr. Moule mentions the widespread anticipation of the fulfilment of this prophecy both in Israel and outside her borders. Simeon and Anna, with their friends in Jerusalem, were looking definitely for "redemption." Josephus records the profound persuasion that about that epoch of time out of Judæa a supreme world power should rise. Suetonius wrote that there was

"in the whole East an old and persistent belief that it was fated that at that time from Judæa such a power should come."

Also Tacitus:

"There was a general persuasion that it was written in the ancient books of the priests that at that very time the East should come to power and that men from Judæa should master the world."

These expectations had their source in the prophecies of Daniel.

"Liberalizing Hebrews (and they existed)," says Dr. Moule, "may have smiled at Simeon's and Anna's hope and advised them to read Daniel's visions in a more philosophic spirit; to forbear to load them with chronological responsibilities; to regard them rather as pictorial embodiments of current conceptions."

Nevertheless both prediction and anticipation were actually fulfilled in the Incarnation.

Dr. Moule finds in the New Testament similar examples of prediction quite different from mere inferential forecast and gives detailed reasons for interpreting them as applying to the return of Christ in the not distant future. He recalls that Guinness forty years ago showed by prophetic calculation that "those who should see 1917 would see a great epoch of Jerusalem." The year came and Allenby, reverently victorious, walked as liberator through the Jaffa Gate.

"At some time, probably at no distant time, is to dawn and beam upon us this personal arrival of the Altogether Lovely, turning midnight into morning, winter into heavenly summer, age into immortal youth, indeed, a life of holy happiness and happy holiness forever. This Blessed Hope in its anticipated proximity should be laid upon all the wounds of life. It should be the antidote to care and fear, to waning joys and haunting shadows, to despondencies and mental gloom over events and tendencies that seem to go against the good,—yes, even the formidable aspects of this present day.

"Yet it will not throw life and its details in the least degree out of order; will not allow me to think less of the service of my generation, study its needs less earnestly or seek less to spend and be spent for them than if I saw no intimation of the approach from above of a higher order. Rather, I would lay a special stress on the Apostle's phrase, 'A life sober, righteous and godly in this present age,' just because of that radiant sequel in the same sentence, 'looking for the blessed hope.' Preparation for the great Arrival was to be made through a life serviceable in all things to others, so making them, more than ever, light in the world, salt in the earth. Whatsoever the Coming did, it would not put such preparation to shame."

Contemporary Christian Biography. The *Moslem World* publishes an account of the life and Christian activities of Mr. Makhail Mansur, the most prominent of Egypt's converts from Islam. Mansur was trained in El Azhar University in Cairo for twelve years and was a student of exceptional brilliancy. His knowledge of Arabic religious literature was extraordinarily profound, but he had never in his student days come across a Bible. One day, however, he chanced upon the single verse, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." He hunted after the Book that contained the words and read the whole night through. The Scriptures burned like fire in his soul,—an effect never produced by the Koran, which he knew by heart.

He fell in with Roman Catholics and was baptized into the Church of Rome and later taught in Catholic schools.

"During this time he was taken to Rome and introduced to Pope Leo XIII as a trophy from Islam. But this journey instead of impressing him with the sanctity of Rome opened his eyes. When after his return his room was entered in his absence and his Bible and other books removed, he could stand it no longer. He entered the Evangelical Church and remained a faithful member as long as he lived."

MR. MAKHAIL MANSUR.

Mansur was a master controversialist and preacher among Moslems. No building was large enough to hold the crowds of Mohammedans coming to hear him. For eighteen years he continued his meetings in Cairo, twice a week. When he began to preach, as he said, hardly one in a thousand would willingly listen. Later, not one in a thousand would refuse. He often went even to El Azhar and talked freely with students and professors. His addresses were on such subjects as "The Integrity of the Scriptures," "The Marks of a True Prophet," and "Incidental Evidences of the Deity of Christ from the Scriptures."

"Not only from Scripture but from the literature of Islam itself which he had at his fingers' end he could master keen and cogent arguments. But the first and main part of his meeting was always an exposition of some portion of Scripture. He could truly have been called an 'Apollos, mighty in the scriptures.'

"Remembering that he was regarded by Moslems as a renegade from the faith," says Mr. J. G. Hunt, "it was remarkable the respect they showed him. We have seen the crowded house a seething mass when he entered. As he quietly took his seat and bowed his head in silent prayer a hush fell upon all. When at times they became turbulent and even police officials could do nothing, a word from him, 'My friends, I wish you to be quiet,' would calm them. . . . . Occasionally he received a threatening letter. Once he held up such a letter in his meeting before a dense crowd and opening his coat said, 'If anyone wishes to shoot I am ready, but I shall continue by the grace of God to preach Christ's Gospel.'"

He died when in scarcely more than middle life.

A Great Spanish Protestant Leader. The late Rev. Cipriano Tornos, who died in Madrid in his eighty-sixth year, was the leading Spanish Evangelical pastor, moderator of the Spanish Evangelical Church and President of the Spanish branch of the Evangelical Alliance. Mr. Tornos was brought up in the Roman Church, becoming at an early age a member of a religious order. As a Roman priest he had a wide reputation because of his brilliant pulpit oratory. In the days of Queen Isabella II and later he was one of the preachers of the Royal Chapel. When liberty of worship was established in Spain as a result of the Revolution of September, 1868, Father Tornos threw all his energies into the fight against Protestant propaganda, then beginning in Madrid and other points.

"Marvelous are the ways," says *El Cristiano* of Madrid, "in which God calls His servants. No one could have imagined that this fiery Roman Catholic preacher, whose favorite theme was the glories of Mary, so that he was even known by everybody as preëminently the preacher of the Virgin, would one day renounce the error in which he had been brought up and would embrace with ardor the pure and simple teaching of the Gospel. As that other Saul, this young priest was a chosen instrument to proclaim to his brethren salvation by faith in Christ as the only, complete and sufficient Saviour.

"It was precisely in the confessional and when he was at work to destroy the ideas which evangelical religion was spreading in the minds of devotees who came to him for spiritual direction, that various evangelical tracts fell into his hands. He was so impressed by reading them that after much meditation he determined to visit the agency of the Bible Society for further Protestant literature. Here he obtained the 'One Hundred and Ten Considerations' of Valdes and the 'Manual of Useful Doctrine' of Juan Perez, which he devoured with avidity. He preached his first sermon in an

evangelical chapel on the Calle de Leganitos, before a large audience. The noise of the conversion of this renowned Romanist preacher produced an immense sensation. The ultramontane press overflowed with abuse of the new minister of the Gospel and his chapel was dynamited by fanatics. Yet for forty years Señor Tornos continued to evangelize in this place. As he had been converted by religious literature it was fitting that his tracts should later become the most useful and popular in Spanish,—notably those entitled 'The Religion of Our Fathers,' 'The Friend of Spaniards' and 'The Regeneration of Spain by the Gospel.' In Christian labor he was unwearied and because of his gifts and devotion had the respect and affection of Protestants in Spain and throughout the Latin world."

Ang Abyan. The *Friend* is the organ of American Congregationalism in Hawaii. *Tomo* is the Japanese equivalent name and paper circulating among Japanese Hawaiians. *Yay Bo* is the Chinese Congregational *Friend*, or was until the Chinese Christians took to reading the English *Friend*, making their own paper superfluous. *Ang Abyan* is the Filipino Hawaiian Christian paper and is edited by the Rev. S. R. Ygloria. It has a *bona fide* mailing list of 1300 monthly and at least five times as many readers, as it is passed from house to house on every plantation and read by enthusiastic groups in leisure hours. It is now three years of age and is described as the strongest single element for good among the Filipinos of Hawaii. It goes into localities where there is no Christian representative and little if any moral influence. It is the only Filipino paper in the islands. Its editor writes in seven Filipino dialects and is carrying on Christian propaganda in various of them through his organ. He has made a strong fight against the besetting Filipino sin of gambling, has been able through his agitation to reduce materially the number of immoral dance halls, has given great assistance to mothers by suggestions as to better care of children, has stimulated thrift so that numbers of Filipinos who once spent all now have bank accounts, has developed their sense of responsibility to others by pressing Red Cross appeals. "Plantation laborers have given amounts ranging from ten cents to one dollar *per month.*" Following a strong appeal in *Ang Abyan* thirty couples (several with almost grown children) were married at one time by the minister editor and many others have since sought licenses and marriage certificates. This useful paper has also done much to interpret to untrained Filipino minds American laws and penalties for crimes.

Illegal Blessings for National Flags. Lieutenant Colonel Dr. Raymundo Seidl is a prominent figure in the Brazilian army and at the present time commander of the Copacabana Fort in Rio Janeiro. Church and State are supposed to be separate in the Republic but the clerical camel ever seeks here, as elsewhere, to intrude its nose into the tent. Colonel Seidl protests:

"At various times our press has mentioned the ceremony of the blessing of our national flags by Catholic priests when they are handed over to newly created bodies of troops. But against this abuse they have not uttered a word of protest. The same criminal silence is characteristic of our Senators and Deputies who ought to be the earnest guardians of public liberties.

"Why is it? What is the power which controls so many consciences? In a nation which has no official religion such practices are an unqualified abuse.

"The flag represents the country. Neither the President of the Republic nor the authorities can subject the Brazilian flag to ceremonies peculiar to their religion. In doing so they commit a genuine disrespect to the Republic's Constitution.

"If the Brazilians, lovers of liberty of conscience, do not take due precaution, clericalism, which is insinuating itself among the leading classes, will try to reestablish an official religion. This will be of profit to a class, of prejudice to the real religious life of the people. . . . ."

Where the power of the priest is complete, his treatment of the flag is more imperious. The friars of the Philippines used to stand upon it in their churches to show their superiority to the civil power. So also in Spain. Colonel Labrador, who is making such a brave fight for religious freedom in that country, says that:

"A Royal Order of 128, in force until a few years ago, commanded that whenever the Sacrament was passed by armed troops with colors they should advance, surrender and extend the colors upon the ground that the priest might stand upon them and give his blessing to the arms. Recently—doubtless through the bad result which the

trampling upon the flag and soiling it with mud would produce upon the spirit of the troops and civilians—this order has disappeared and now the colors are dipped but not surrendered before the priest. . . . . When the Host passes in the Corpus procession, however, military guards have not only to kneel but to *throw down their arms.*"

Hagia Sophia. **The English Church Union organized a meeting** in the hall of the Cannon Street Hotel, London, to demand the return by Mohammedanism to the Christian Church of the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople. The fact was brought out that the Christian history of St. Sophia extended over 916 years and its Mohammedan occupation over a little less than half that time; also that a decided majority of the present population of Constantinople is Christian by profession. Dr. Burrows of King's College, dwelling on the architectural glories of St. Sophia, characterized it as "the loveliest building in the world." In August, 1914, when the flame of war suddenly burst upon Europe, a Moslem, Oubeid Ullah Effendi, preached in this ancient Christian Church the call to Holy War. Here are some of his sentences:

"O Moslem People, I gather you here at the beginning of the holy Ramazan to call you to a holy war against atheist Europe. Perhaps some of you think it is not proper for me to preach about politics under this sacred dome, but I tell you the Mohammedan religion is a political religion and the most important problem about which one can ever preach in this sacred place is politics. . . . . Some time ago I read in a prophetic book that when the name of the ruler of the Turkish Empire is Mohammed and also the Grand Vizier is Mohammed, then the time of blessing, victory and prosperity has come for the Moslem world. Now listen, our King is Mohammed Reshad and our Grand Vizier's name is Mohammed Said Pasha. Praise God! Cheer up! The year 1914 will be a year of prosperity and victory for the Moslem nation. Get ready for the holy war. The Islam world has reached the end of its humiliation.

"I bring you good news. There is a general war reigning all over Europe. Perhaps some will say: 'Is this good news? Is not a general war a disaster rather than something to delight in?' We have so often prayed saying, 'O Lord, let these *giaours* (infidels) quarrel with each other,' and now God has listened to our prayers. . . . . Be glad. Twenty millions of infidels are killing each other with most devilish instruments. May God make it more! (The people said, 'Amen.')

"Be glad! Thirty millions of infidels are eating each other's flesh and destroying each other's cities. Yes, they will destroy, they will slaughter, they will break, they will be broken. May God make it more! (All the people said, 'Amen.')

"God has commanded men to make war. War is legal because if men do not kill each other the world will soon be filled with men and it will be a bad place. Do not say a civilized man should not think so. Civilization is hypocrisy.

"Do not spare your lives or your money. If you do not give your money in this world, in the world to come your gold will be taken from you, and after being heated in the fires of hell will be bound on your foreheads and on your loins. So then be ready for the Holy War!"

In view of such utterances no one could object to Hagia Sophia becoming a Christian Church again. Certainly it has sheltered the Moslem wolf pack long enough.

Jewish Notes. Mr. Israel Zangwill and others are urging the **appointment of Sir John Monash as Governor of Palestine** for the time being. Sir John Monash is a Jew of Australian citizenship who gave up his work as an engineer to enlist in the Australian army. He distinguished himself by his gallantry in the battle of the Dardanelles, and was advanced to the position of commander of the Australian Battalion in Gallipoli.

The Egyptologist, Professor Flinders Petrie, proposes that old Jerusalem in its essential archeological lines remain intact for all time, and that for actual residence in the coming city a chain of garden cities be built about the old city, being connected by car line of two miles' length with it. Thus the historic alleys of ancient Jerusalem would be saved the inroads of modern civilization, and the city would be a quaint paradise of tourists, pilgrims and students.

Permission Has Been Given the Nile Press of Cairo to establish a Branch in Jerusalem, and 1919 sees the planting there of a tender twig from the parent stem.

"We know," says Mr. Weaver of the Press, "that soon there will be a stream of returning Jews from all over the world visiting their Holy City and ours and we

would like to say to them 'Welcome Home' in our Master's Name: *'Baruch h'abba,'* 'Blessed be the Comer.'" Mr. Weaver says further: "Many of the sights of Jerusalem fail to inspire because of the ritual that surrounds them and the tawdry show, but the narrow streets of the old City never tire. One feels that the need of Jerusalem is not a multiplication of missionary societies but that the men and women who come should have an overflowing anointing of the Spirit of Christ, His meekness and gentleness and love. Are there those who will volunteer to go about doing good as He did, up and down these same narrow streets?"

Brief Notes from Abroad.

The Little Towns and Villages of England are to Have Y. M. C. A. Centers if Sir Arthur Yapp can carry out the project. His plan is to turn over to a thousand of these places the war huts used on the West Front and elsewhere. They will be operated as social centers to enliven and stimulate the dullness of English village life.

The Century-Long Boycott of Nonconformists by State Religion in England is illustrated by the fact that in all the 256 years since the passing of the Act of Uniformity the English monarch never worshiped with his Free Church subjects until the day of the Thanksgiving Service at Albert Hall held by Free Churchmen in honor of the signing of the Armistice with Germany.

Dr. Bethune-Baker, Professor of Divinity in Cambridge University, England, is clearly a rationalist who insists on holding down a chair of Christian theology in spite of his opinions. "The so-called modernists within the Church to-day," he says, "will not go out nor will they be muzzled." Of the Virgin Birth of Jesus he says,

"Its place is in the poetry of our religion and it is a shame to turn it into prose."

Yet to recite the words, "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," is "to recite them in the sense of their true religious value." Professor Baker says of the New Testament narratives,

"The question whether the narratives give an exact account of the way in which things happened, or were done or not, becomes a question of merely scientific or antiquarian interest."

This point of view is no longer novel nor is the position to which it leads, in our judgment, moral.

The Chairman of the Labor Party in the House of Commons, Mr. William Adamson, is a Baptist. Mr. Adamson is a Scotchman, a miner of twenty-seven years' standing, who entered the House in 1910 after years of training as secretary of the Miners' Association. He is a man of shrewdness and ability.

British Methodism Reports Ever Increasing Missionary Gifts in War Time. This is the more gratifying since there had been no such increases apparent prior to the war. The high-water mark of income from the home churches had been £131,982, —in 1906. This receded to £123,603 in 1913. The next year came the war. Banks were closed, a moratorium was declared, gold disappeared, credit was unobtainable, the bank rate jumped to 10 per cent and the Missionary Society in the eighth month of the year had received from the home churches less than £16,000 to meet the budget expenditure for 1914 of £160,000. Yet in the succeeding years gifts from the churches to foreign missions steadily rose in amount. In 1915 the income was £133,-055: in 1916, £142,146 and in 1917, £151,502.

The Service Candidates' Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the High Church Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England, reports that it has received the names of 1400 soldiers who desire to have the opportunity of preparing for ordination at the close of the war.

Melody Records, which are being issued by Messrs. Morgan and Scott of London, ought to be of service in religious meetings in America. Among those mentioned are the solos of Mr. Robert Carr, "The Ninety and Nine" and "The Homeland," "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping" rendered by Miss Ethel Thoms, and Mr. Perry's "Good-night" with its well-known lines,

"We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!"

There are many occasions in prayer gatherings, at funerals, at Bible readings,

when such records produced by genuine artists would be of singular appropriateness.

A Missionary Exhibition organized by the Rev. George Buchanan in an English Y. M. C. A. hut in France, with lectures, brought together nearly 20,000 men in one week,—"more men probably than attend missionary meetings at home in a year."

"Many Tens of Thousands of Gospels did I put on Board the Transports in charge of sympathetic officers," writes the Rev. Henry Payne, English Baptist missionary in Shantung, who was engaged in recruiting and preparing Chinese for the labor service in France, "with instructions that they were to be given to the Chinese while *en route* for Europe. Now that I have come to France I find lots of Chinese up and down the land still reading and cherishing these Gospels. To many of them it is a link with their homeland for it is the only book in Chinese which they possess in this strange country."

Marshal Foch's Strong Clerical Predilections came out in a reported remark to Clémenceau on taking command of the French armies. "I propose to consecrate my armies to the *Sacré Cœur* (Sacred Heart of Jesus)." Clémenceau's answer was, "Consecrate them to whatsoever you please so long as you win." Clémenceau himself belongs to the other side,—to the party which in 1905 through the anticlerical council of Paris erected under the shadow of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Paris a statue of the Chevalier de Lebarre, beheaded in the eighteenth century for refusing to take off his hat as an ecclesiastical procession passed. Yet it was Clémenceau who reinstated Foch in command after he had been removed from service by anticlericals.

Mme. Catherine Breshkovsky Makes Various Reflections on the Religious Life of Present-Day Russia which are of interest. They are printed in an interview in the *Christian Register*.

"The great numbers of dissenters from the State Church are now free. The people are afraid to be without a church. The peasants are dissatisfied with the priests' schools but they think that people must be taught religion. The Church is beloved but the priests are not. Since the Revolution priests often say to their parishioners, 'Why don't you choose me as a member of the Council and ask my advice?' The peasants answer, 'You never were for us but always on the side of the Government when we were oppressed.' Yet they go to church.

"There are very few good priests. One of these is Bishop Sergius of Ufa. He is a very civilized man and never will shriek or scold. He is very clever and devoted and good-hearted. He used to be a prince but gave away all he had. He publishes books and magazines. Russia will long continue to be religious but I hope we can have better priests. Now they will be elected. I hope our church service will be changed. In the Orthodox Greek Church we have too little of the New Testament, and too much of the Old. Only a little piece of the New Testament is read, but the Psalms are read for two hours and in such a way that no one can understand a word."

One of the Leading Speakers at the Last General Assembly of the Waldensian Church, held in Torre Pellice, was Signor Ruffini, a professor in one of the Italian Universities and a Senator who at one time had been Minister of Education. Signor Ruffini is a Roman Catholic, which gave his presence at this Evangelical gathering no little significance. A Scotch reporter of the meeting writes:

"He spoke for an hour and a quarter, for the most part in the fluent quiet manner of the academic lecturer but with occasional periods of burning eloquence. One marked with particular interest his emphatic declaration that Italy and her allies have been engaged in a religious war for ideals sacred to humanity, his acute analysis of the conceptions of liberty and nationality and the tribute paid to Puritanism as the fountain head of modern freedom."

The Growth of Protestantism in Italy is giving concern in certain quarters. The Catholic *Les Nouvelles Religieuses* of Paris, after commenting on the advance from 65,595 in 1901 to 123,253 in 1911, says:

"It is not many years since a Methodist pastor prophesied that if the Protestant propaganda in Italy were generously sustained there would be a separation of the Italian people from the Seat of Truth without equal since the Reformation of Luther in Germany. His hope, in view of the statistics quoted above, offers reasons for serious thought to every loyal son of the Church."

The Protestant Churches of Bohemia Are Negotiating for Union. Even during the war conferences were held for the purpose of bringing about the union of the

Lutheran and Reformed churches and of attaching the united church by name and spirit to the *Unitas Fratrum,* the church of the Bohemian Brethren and of the international Moravian body. Immediately upon the overthrow of Austrian rule, a call was sent out by the Reformed and Lutheran Czech ministers of Prague for a general meeting of all Czech Protestant churches. The Slovaks have been accustomed to greater religious freedom under Hungarian than the Czechs under Austrian rule. As a consequence the number of Protestants among the Slovaks is something over a half million,—nearly a quarter of the population. These united with the 160,000 Reformed and Lutheran Czechs will constitute a Protestant church of power and numbers in the heart of Catholic Europe.

The Numerical Strength of the Student Movement in South Africa can be gauged by the fact that 9000 copies of its Bible Study course are circulated annually. Of these nearly 3000 go to members,—the rest to outsiders. About 10 per cent of the members are university students, the others normal students, and boys and girls in the principal schools of the Cape Free State and the Transvaal.

Eight Thousand Copies of the Scripture Were Sold in Ecuador in 1917 by agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society alone. Yet when the first invoice of Scriptures came to the custom house at Guayaquil some decades ago the administration stoutly refused to allow their entrance into the country saying, "Mighty Chimborazo will turn to dust before these books may circulate in Ecuador."

The Rev. James Cohen, a missionary of the United Free Church of Scotland, in their mission in Palestine, a man of gifts and splendid equipment for his work, has fallen a martyr to Turkish inhumanity. On suspicion of having knowledge implicating Turkish officials in evil courses he was seized, imprisoned, cruelly beaten on the face and the soles of his feet, then transferred to Nazareth for further punishment, sent later to prison in Damascus and finally dispatched through Asia Minor to Constantinople, where he died of typhoid in a miserable military hospital.

Locomotive Decorated in Memory of Nurse Edith Cavell.

Among the Victory Celebrations there have been numerous memorials to the noble heroes whose lives were sacrificed as the price of peace. A friend sends us the above picture of a locomotive decorated by the railroad employees at the Rugby railroad sheds on the day of the memorial service in St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of Nurse Edith Cavell.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has in the last twelve years published versions in 111 new languages,—an average of one new language every six weeks. Of the 511 languages at present on their list 300 did not even possess an alphabet. The extraordinary amount of work which the above statistics represent can be gathered from the case of a translator in Nigeria who began his work by holding up his fingers to learn the native names of numerals. In seven years he had acquired a vocabulary of 11,000 words including 100 different terms for "great" and 60 each for "long" and "short," and had translated all four Gospels into the speech of a half million people.

Rev. R. A. Torrey has accepted an invitation on the part of missionaries in China to spend several months in the Orient. He leaves America in June and plans returning to resume his work in Los Angeles in October. Mr. Charles M. Alexander has been invited to accompany him.

THE MISSION FIELD.

The Rev. Yoshimichi Sugiura, Pastor of the True Light Church of Tokyo, has recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate. In reality he has been pastor of the church for twenty-eight years. He would not consent to the celebration of his quarter centenary at the time and so it was arranged this year by his friends and people without consulting him. No more faithful and devoted shepherd of souls can be found than this Episcopalian clergyman,—a true minister to the souls and bodies of the unfortunate and degraded.

"Through his Laborers' Reform Union," writes Mr. Welbourn in the *Spirit of Missions,* "Mr. Sugiura has rescued numberless men from despair and started many on a new way of life. Among those who stood to welcome the visitors at the door of the church were several members of the Union.

Rev. Yoshimichi Sugiura.
By courtesy of the Spirit of Missions.

As one of them said most touchingly in his address, they had been lower than the low, counting themselves happy if certain of a bowl of rice, but they had been truly saved by Mr. Sugiura. Some of these men were formerly notorious criminals but there they stood, dressed in the silk ceremonial clothes of the Japanese gentleman, respectable citizens of the community, members of the Christian Church. It was interesting to see in the flesh some of the men one had read of in Mr. Sugiura's book, 'They That Sat in Darkness.'"

The Significance of Peace Celebrations in China is interpreted by Professor Leighton Stuart of Nanking University. Dr. Stuart attended one of them in a town some thirty miles north of Nanking, having been asked to give the principal address. He was received with great deference, escorted by the military, borne in a four-bearer chair and given the place of honor by leading citizens at an elegant Chinese feast. All present were enthusiastic about America's part in the war and her attitude toward China.

"At my table one of the guests said to me with deep feeling that it scarcely seemed believable that any nation could actually live up to such ideals as the American nation had stood for since its entry into the war."

Dr. Stuart explains further the present temper of the Chinese mind. It certainly constitutes a summons to our people to validate the estimates which the Chinese are putting on American ideals in international relations. He says:

"The Chinese people have but little interest in world politics as such. Their interest has always been in the moral issues in human nature. Only recently have they come to understand the moral significance of the war. Hitherto they were neutral, indifferent or pro-German. The addresses of President Wilson have done more to clarify the situation for them than all else. By the time the Armistice had been signed they had at last grasped the fundamental meaning of the titanic struggle between might and right. Hence all over the country the Peace Celebrations were spontaneous and universal.

"America is admired and trusted with passionate fervor. They see in us the unrealized ideals of their ancient sages. The celebrations and their courtesies to certain individuals among us were to honor, through us, the American nation.

"The issues of the war ought to lead to a change of attitude toward Christianity. We must attempt to interpret the outcome of the conflict in terms of religious value. Already they are responding to such interpretations with keen appreciation. It accentuates the superlative opportunity now before the Church. The Christian principles applied at the Peace Conference and the treatment of the Far East problems will be most hopefully and shrewdly followed by the Chinese. They can value these discussions and decisions far more intelligently than the military events of the past four years."

Growing Religious Laxity among Turkish Moslems is reported by the Rev. Charles T. Riggs of Constantinople. The war has prevented all Turkish pilgrimages to Mecca, both because of the sea blockade and the hostility of the Arabs. Recital of the five daily prayers has in war time become increasingly uncommon.

"The Fast of Ramazan is usually so rigorous that, from the time you can distinguish a white hair from a black one till the sun goes down, not a drop of water nor a whiff of tobacco smoke nor a crumb of food is allowed to enter the mouth. In the years just preceding the war things had become so lax in Constantinople that official warnings had to be printed in the Moslem dailies during Ramazan, ordering that if anyone were found eating or drinking or smoking during the fast he should be punished with fine and imprisonment. When the month came in the summer of 1915 not only military officers but civilians as well openly disregarded the law and the numbers seen eating at restaurants at midday were shocking. And no notice appeared in any paper to warn anybody."

Further, the butchering of the Armenians which was done for the most part by hired hordes of the worst criminal classes in Turkey has put a stigma on the Mohammedan religion which the Turks themselves realize and the sublime courage of the Armenians has given them a new respect for the religion which animated the martyrs. Dr. Riggs believes that the Armenians will prove messengers of the grace of Christ to their Moslem persecutors.

"Already the spirit of missionary zeal has shown itself among them in the establishing of the Home Missionary Society for work among their Kurdish neighbors. This enterprise has been going on for several years. Such effort is now to be increased by the new spirit of consecration born of fearful suffering for the Name. The relation between Turk and Armenian is to be no longer that of tyrant and slave but of the stricken Saul of Tarsus and Ananias coming and saying to him, 'Brother Saul, ... receive thy sight.'"

Christian Work in Egypt. At Luxor a corps of six lay preachers has been formed, their support coming mainly from the Milton Stewart Fund. One of these evangelists has a circuit of eighteen villages. He is provided with a donkey and travels north one week and south the next, returning each Sunday to a town where he preaches in the Coptic Church, following the mass. When, on one occasion, the priest tried to prevent this after-service, the people rose *en masse* and threatened then and there to become Protestants in a body. In another district many Copts are said to have apostatized to Islam during the past year, so unshepherded do their own priests leave them.

"Great is the need of the Copts, the nominal Christians of Egypt," says the report of the United Presbyterian Board. "In a certain town there are six hundred Copts but no church. But there is a drinking place. Only eight or ten of these Copts were present at any of our church services. Later a lay preacher was sent to this needy district on the Yusef Canal. He was deeply impressed with the great need and wrote of several Copts who went to the Mohammedan mosque to pray and also of the great desire of many of these Coptic Christians for someone to lead them to the true Shepherd. God has used him to form small circles for prayer and Bible study in six or seven of these towns."

In one place a bullying Coptic priest pronounced a curse on anyone talking with the mission Bible woman.

"Those who did give our worker a reluctant entrance were frightened when the Coptic priest entered the room to hear what she had to say. He never tried to argue because, as our worker explained, 'He cannot say anything because he doesn't know his Bible.' We urged her to hold on, hoping that her strong Bible message might touch his ignorant heart."

The Presbyterian Mission Schools of Egypt are one of the land's greatest assets in the way of character building. The College at Assiut is three fourths supported by the students,—apart from missionary salaries. Students last year also contributed $500 for evangelistic work in Egypt, sent $102 for Armenian relief, and contributed

$220 for village preaching. Many of the students have volunteered for service with the Expeditionary Forces and some remarkable testimonies have reached the College as to their moral and social superiority. Some sixteen graduates are taking postgraduate work in London, Manchester, Oxford, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Not less than twenty students of the College have spent most of the past year in full-time evangelistic work in connection with the Stewart Fund. Of the girls at the Pressly Memorial Institute the report says that more than half are poor, some very poor, yet they contributed an annual thank offering of $180, a mission offering of $80, $50 for Armenian relief besides garments, and $145 for the work of the Synod of the Nile.

"One of our little free pupils in the Fayoum School for Girls is so anxious to study and become a teacher that she goes out under the street lamp near her home to rehearse her lessons at night, sometimes taking her younger sisters with her so that they can also learn their lessons. Their mother is too poor to buy oil for light but she is very ambitious for her daughters and sells sugar cane, sweet potatoes, etc., in order to keep them in school."

Of the village schools of the Mission one teacher writes:

"It is simply wonderful how well some of the dirty, ragged little children in these mud villages learn to read and write and to commit Scripture, for in most cases their reading books are the books of the Bible. It is my custom to give a Bible free to the boy or girl in the village schools who learns sixty verses of the Bible, running through the Plan of Salvation, the 51st and 23d Psalms, the Beatitudes and the Ten Commandments and who is able to tell in his own words three Bible stories. At a recent examination at the village of Tubhar six boys received their Bibles. It was really wonderful how well they had learned the required portions."

Autotherapy. At the mission station of Wathen on the Congo the mission hospital has been experimenting successfully with a new method of treatment which we judge has its analogy in the dog's cure of his sores by licking with the tongue, in other words, the formation of antidote within the body from the poison carried by the tongue into the system. The writer, the Rev. J. S. Bowskill, says:

"The first case was an old woman who had been under treatment for months with horrid sores; she seemed to leak pus wherever there was the slightest opening. Indeed, we had despaired of ever seeing her recover. We gave her three doses altogether of about twelve minims each (containing purulent matter) mixed with water and colored to give it the appearance of ordinary medicine. She began to clear up at once and was soon able to return to her town quite cured.

"Case number two was a girl of about nine years. My colleague Thompson lanced place after place in her body, and it might hardly seem true if I were to state how many pints of pus came from her. She seemed doomed to a speedy end for very soon she was little more than a skeleton. As a last resort we tried autotherapy and within a few days she began to take a turn for the better. To-day she is perfectly well; as plump a kiddie as any in the district.

"Case number three is just now leaving the hospital. She came alone within the last three weeks. A woman of about thirty years of age. Half the right side of her back from the shoulder blade downwards was a swollen mass. I made two incisions, one in the back and one in the lower ribs, and from each place the pus poured out. This time I determined to start the autotherapy treatment from the very beginning and I accordingly mixed up a supply at once. I gave her four doses altogether and I have never before seen a case clear up so quickly."

Mission Incidents. Mr. Spencer of Nagasaki writes of an old man eighty years old and toothless, who walked about twelve miles through pouring rain to attend a service he was holding.

"His name is Narasaki and his son had gone as an evangelistic worker to a far-away city. One of the first gifts he sent his father, then a drinker and man of evil temper, was a copy of the Bible.

"The old man began at the very beginning and read. The sword of the Spirit struck and struck deep. He determined to follow Christ and Christ literally transformed his life. The grouchy old drinker was turned into a kindly, loving, humble, beautiful character and he has earned the name among the people of *Kansha Ojiisan,* or Old Man Thankful. He just thanks God for everything. Too old to work he spends his time going among the people and telling them of this God Who loves him and gives him everything. At nights he carries a lantern over which is pasted a text so the passers can all read it. He has no education but he has had the experience of sanctification and is a blessing to us."

A Chinese Version of the Mary and Martha Incident appears in *China's Millions.*

"In the heat of the summer old Mr. Yoa climbed the hill to visit the home of Mr. Dzang, who is attending his church, and to seek to win his unbelieving wife for Christ. But Mrs. Dzang was unwilling to listen to him and busied herself instead in preparing a basin of refreshment for him,—the usual Chinese etiquette.

"So Mr. Yoa went out among her neighbors to see if he could not discover someone to tell the good news to and found a Mrs. Yieh who was willing to listen. Later he had to pass Mrs. Dzang's door again; she meanwhile had prepared the refreshment and invited him in to partake of it, which he refused to do.

"Seeing she was much hurt he took the opportunity to use this as an illustration, saying to her: 'You feel much hurt because I refuse to receive the refreshment which you have specially prepared for me. But the Lord in heaven is ever so much more sorrowful over your refusal to receive the Bread of Life which He especially prepared for you long ago on the Cross (shedding His blood and dying for you) and to-day has specially sent me up this hill to bring to you that you might have eternal blessedness. Therefore you ought to receive this Gospel.'

"Thereupon he accepted the refreshment. But it had wine poured over it. So he refused to eat it until she had washed the wine off with hot water, explaining his reason for not taking wine."

Brief Mission Notes. His Majesty, the King of Siam, has made a grant of 5000 *ticals* to the Petchaburi Hospital of the American Presbyterian Mission in Siam. This will rebuild the women's ward and a tuberculosis pavilion and make some provision for lepers.

Siam Has a New National Flag with red, white, and blue stripes. The white elephant which occupied the center of the old flag is gone for good. This is significant, as it was a Buddhist religious symbol,—Buddha having once appeared on earth in elephant form—and was so recognized by the people of Siam. Parallel with this goes the popularizing of the Red Cross in China and Japan. Mr. Hartwell of Chengtu writes in the *Missionary Bulletin*:

"The Roman Catholic missionaries who came to Szechuan over two hundred years ago introduced the Cross as the symbol of Christianity. On the arrival of the first party of Canadian Methodist missionaries it was quite the common thing to have the boys run ahead of them and make the form of the Cross on the sand to see if they would walk over it. When West China was beginning her first reforms after the Boxer outbreak the Government decided to number all the homes. A tin plate was used and in the center there was the shape of the Cross. This plate was to be nailed above the doors. The people were greatly agitated and in some parts it excited riots. To-day there is possibly no flag that has a deeper significance than the Red Cross flag. It is the emblem of protection as well as of healing."

A Chinese Student baptized by the Rev. W. H. Elwin at the Swanwick Conference three years ago, but subsequently lost sight of, has recently written that he is lecturing in a Chinese college at Changsha, Central China, where he has more than thirty in two Bible classes,—for teachers and scholars. He came over to Tokyo at his own expense, was confirmed and after explaining his own desire of giving up his position as teacher in which he was earning over £30 a month, started for Latimer Hall, Vancouver, where he is now studying for the ministry.

There Are on the Great Island of Hainan Hundreds of Vacant Houses and Uncultivated Fields,—left so because they are supposed to be haunted by evil spirits. Such houses, Mr. Steiner reports, have been rented for mission chapels when suitable as to size and location, at reduced rates. The fields are generally spoken of as Devil Fields and are left to lie year after year untouched until along comes a Christian who has no fear of devils in his heart. "A few of our Christians who have an eye for business have made quite a success with these fields."

Chinese Methodists in West China have set the following as their objective for the next ten years:

1. Ten thousand members, one half of whom shall be women.
2. Ten thousand pupils in our schools.
3. No child over seven in a member's home shall be unable to read.
4. No unmarried daughter of a member shall have bound feet.
5. All our members shall be total abstainers from alcohol.
6. Family worship shall be established in the home of every member.
7. All our members shall cease work on Sunday.

8. All Christians shall bear their share of responsibility for the spread of the Gospel.

9. All church expenses, salaries of Chinese pastors, probationers, evangelists and helpers shall be contributed by the local church.

Of the Ninety-nine Chinese Students chosen by examination and sent to the United States last autumn for education, *forty-one were Christians.* Another "failure of the Church!" The *World's Work* has called attention to the fact that the whole system of education of Chinese young people based on the remission of the Boxer fund was not, as generally supposed, initially the idea of the great Christian diplomat, John Hay, but of the veteran missionary, the Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Smith of the American Board. It was decided upon in a long conference between Dr. Smith and President Roosevelt at which Mr. Lawrence Abbott was also present. Mr. Abbott says: "It seems to me that this remission really is a monument to Dr. Arthur H. Smith."

The Conversion to Christianity of Mr. Chao, President of the Government University in Tientsin, is announced. This is a school of the highest grade with arts, law, engineering and other courses, enrolling a large number of students. Mr. Chao, who was educated at Cornell University, is to unite with the Congregational Church in Tientsin.

The Government of the Sultanate of Johore, one of the Malaysian states, asked the English Presbyterian Mission in Singapore last year to take charge of the education of all non-Malay populations within its borders. In other words, a Mohammedan state requested a Christian Mission engaged in Christian propaganda to guide the education of a large number of its subjects! This offer has been accepted and the prospect is that the Presbyterian Mission will have schools in every populous center wholly supported by State grants, Chinese donations and school fees. The pupils will be chiefly the children of Chinese immigrants. The first school will be opened at Muar. The Chinese population of Muar is now 30,000, having doubled in five years.

Dr. W. G. Shellabear, the Leader of Methodist Missions in Malaysia who is now in this country, was, before his entrance upon mission work, an officer in the British army. Three years of his military service he spent at Singapore as Captain of Royal Engineers. He was sent to enlist and train a company of Malay soldiers. In the course of this work he became so interested in the people that he resigned his commission, joined the Methodist Church and was sent as missionary to the Malays. He preaches in both Chinese and Malay.

Japanese Students Read "The Sketch-Book," the Essays of Carlyle and Macaulay and Sir Roger de Coverley, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and Walter Scott three decades ago. Now their outlook upon life is through such windows as Ibsen, Strindberg, Gorky, De Maupassant, Dostoievski and Nietzsche. These are read in English translation and are resulting, according to Mr. S. H. Wainwright, in a spirit of revolt and moral unsettlement.

At the Last Salon in Tokyo there were various paintings, Miss Bosanquet tells us in the *Japan Evangelist,* which showed Christian influence. No. 66 by Shimadu Bokusen is the first picture of our Lord which has ever appeared in a Japanese Art Exhibition.

"It is a quietly reverently conceived work in dim, soft tints. Our Lord stands alone, a full-length Figure in robes of white and gray, with folded hands and a sad, gentle, serene, expression. There is no background,—only a pale moonlike halo about His head. The few people who happened to be looking at this painting while we were there seemed very quiet and grave."

The "Day of Testing" pictures a beautiful woman hesitating to tread upon the square metal plate bearing the figure of the Saviour which lies on the ground at her feet. Refusal to trample upon it means death. This motive, from the persecutions of the seventeenth century, appeared in at least two other pictures. No. 114 represents a girl of fourteen, a Christian exiled after the Shimabara Insurrection to the Island of Jagatara. She is crouching sorrowfully on the floor,—her cross and rosary beside her.

Madame Hirooka of Osaka, a member of the wealthy Mitsui family and herself engaged in banking, is to give $100,000 for the establishment of an interdenomina-

tional Training School, organized with special reference to Christian social work.

The Imperial Household of Japan has given ten million *yen* for higher education, —the largest single gift in the annals of Japanese life. It is not without significance that this gift was made on Christmas Day, 1918.

The Brahmo Somaj represents reformed Hinduism,—the religion of India in its highest form. It has been much affected by Boston Unitarians. Of it a writer on women's education in the *Student World* says:

"Contact with Brahmo students has a deadening influence. There is a pervasive worldliness and indifference about many Brahmos which is apt to infect Christian girls with the wonder whether the strenuous life of Christianity is worth while and whether the difference between Christians and Brahmos matters so very much."

The same writer calls attention to the exceedingly bitter growing opposition to Christian influence among Hindus, especially with regard to their girls. "One hears of girls who are bound over on pain of death not to listen to any Christian address, read any Christian book, or come consciously under Christian influence in any way."

Mr. B. K. Acharyya, a bachelor of laws of Edinburgh University and a distinguished member of the Bengali Christian community, has recently died. He was professor in the University Law College, Calcutta, and the author of a standard work on "Codification in British India"; also joint editor of two legal publications. He was a convert to Christianity and a man of great faith. In spite of the pressure of legal engagements he found time to preach to both Christians and non-Christians. He was a member of the Calcutta Missionary Conference, of the Calcutta Temperance Federation Council, a Director of the Calcutta Y. M. C. A., and Vice President of the Bengal Christian Conference.

"At a critical time when this last body was about to collapse," writes Mr. Banerjea in the *Indian Witness,* "he not only saved it but infused fresh life into it and by the institution of Scripture examinations and prizes and medals for essays on subjects in which the Christian community is interested made of this Conference a very useful institution."

The Great Dhariwhal Woolen Mills of India have requested the United Presbyterian Mission to open medical mission work upon their premises and have offered to bear almost all the expense in case the invitation is accepted.

The Church Missionary Society Felt Obliged Last Year to Close Its College at Tinnevelli because of lack of funds. This was recognized by the Indian Christians as a challenge. Unprompted, they rallied enthusiastically and made plans to carry on the work at their own costs thus involving themselves in an increased annual expenditure of *Rs.* 6000.

The Plan Proposed in Certain Quarters to Open German East Africa to Colonization from India would, it is pointed out, have the ill effect of increasing the number of Mohammedans in the country and of forwarding inevitably Mohammedan propaganda among the native blacks. This would be more serious if the British officials should adopt their Soudan policy of favoritism to Mohammedanism.

In the Mines of Johannesburg hundreds of thousands of natives, drawn from all parts of Africa, are engaged in the extraction of gold. Twenty years ago Dr. Andrew Murray held a convention in Johannesburg in connection with the South Africa General Mission. Among those who received spiritual blessing was a successful lawyer of Pretoria, Mr. A. W. Baker. Mr. Baker was born in Natal and spoke the Zulu language with all its most intimate refinements. After the convention he visited one of the large compounds and preached Christ to the native workmen. They responded with earnest requests for more teaching.

"Why don't you come and help us, teacher? You understand our language. We are here like sheep without a shepherd. The temptations are terrible."

This call did not pass unheeded. For twenty-one years Mr. Baker has devoted himself to mission work on the Rand at his own expense, having spent upwards of $100,000 of his own money in the work. Over five thousand natives, mostly men,

have been baptized. At present there are three European superintendents and more than twenty native evangelists, converts of the mission, preaching in this great ant-hill of heathenism, the Rand mines.

Kuweit on the Persian Gulf is the home of the most blue-blooded Arabs. It is but a few years since that four missionaries were in turn expelled from the place. Now it is wide open to the Gospel. Sunday morning the church is so packed with Arabs, men and women, that men stand on boxes at the windows. Recently a young man in direct line of descent from Mohammed confessed Jesus Christ. He is now being educated for the Christian ministry. Lord Hardingh, the Viceroy of India, after a visit to the American Mission Hospital, gave to its work a substantial gift from his own purse.

Methodist Christianity in West China is, according to Mr. Peat of Chungking, "developing in a marvelous way. Four years ago Bishop Lewis asked us whether we could double our membership in four years. Then we had 2855 members and probationers. At our recent conference which completes the four years we reported 5766."

NORTHFIELD SILHOUETTES.

XXXVIII.

A prominent Christian worker in England made the statement early in the war that any man between the ages of twenty and forty who had not rendered national service during the war, would exert little religious influence in future years. The preëminent question of coming days would be, What was your share in the world struggle? And a man's Christian testimony would have weight in so far as it had back of it a record of service.

This will undoubtedly be true in America in coming years. There are some who through physical disability have been debarred from rendering national service. But the nation has demanded that all men whose circumstances were not exceptional should share in the burden of the world war in the cause of Christian civilization.

The same has been equally true of educational institutions. The public has a right to inquire the degree to which students from schools and colleges have responded to the call of the nation, and the extent to which the character of the education imparted has made for loyal citizenship. It is gratifying, in the light of this fact, to have the favorable report of the secretaries of the alumni boards of The Northfield Schools.

According to the latest reports, NORTHFIELD SEMINARY has sent thirty-seven young women abroad for war relief work, while twenty-three have been engaged in work in the United States. These include hospital nurses, Red Cross workers, and those on special commissions. But to this list there should be added scores of others who have been contributing part time to government work in America, or giving their services in connection with canteen work near army posts, or in local Liberty Loan drives, or War Saving Stamp campaigns. In fact, it would be difficult to find any who had not rendered service under Red Cross auspices in making surgical dressings, and supplying comforts for the soldiers and sailors. Beyond this, there are many who have demonstrated their patriotism by sending their sons to the war—a national service incomparably higher, and representing greater sacrifice than any other.

At MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL, statistics are more easily acquired. Here the spirit which characterized Northfield Seminary is more clearly evidenced by statistics. Nine thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven students have been enrolled in the School since its beginning, and out of this number *fourteen hundred,* we find, have been engaged in national service. To this number we are receiving continual additions. Were we to include all who have been engaged in various Liberty Loan campaigns, and

welfare drives, as well as those taking part in different forms of welfare work at home, we believe all former students now living would be included. In the fourteen hundred, however, we include *only those who have been in the regular service of the United States Army and Navy, or have done welfare work overseas* under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. or Red Cross. Out of this number fifty-four have laid down their lives in the service of the country.

In the report of the secretary, Mr. L. L. Drury, he says: Following is an analysis of our Military list at the present writing:

FACULTY AND MEN IN THE SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN AND ALLIED ARMIES.

Army.

Colonels	3	
Majors	9	
Captains	27	
Lieutenants	168	
Chaplains	9	
Noncommissioned Officers	170	
Privates	725	
		1,111

Navy.

Lieutenants	6	
Ensigns	18	
Chaplains	3	
All Others	160	187
Total, Army and Navy		1,298
Y. M. C. A.		92
Red Cross		6
Salvation Army		1
Assistants in War Department at Washington		3
Grand Total		1,400

This is a record in which the friends of the School take a just pride, and in which those to whom is intrusted the instruction and administration of the work derive the greatest encouragement and assurance for the future continuance of these Schools upon their present basis. Firm faith in God, confidence in the guidance of His Word, and recognition of the dignity of manual labor, have been recognized as fundamental in the educational system at Northfield, and have been proved effective in the lives of its students in these years of testing.

EDITORIAL.

Our conception of God determines our reading of life. As we interpret life's meaning, we adjust ourselves to life's challenge and life's demands. In the New Testament there are two records of one experience which afford a simple illustration. St. Luke records, "And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard: but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him." It is not difficult, even without knowledge of Roman social customs, to picture the scene. Paul was delivered by the centurion to the guard who was probably chained to him either by the wrist or by the ankle. To Luke the soldier stands for hostile authority; an authority invoked by Jewish prejudice and malignity that restricts Paul in his ministry. To him it seems nothing less than a calamity. It is possible that he reasoned that if Paul had not been quite so headstrong, and a little more amenable to counsel, he never would have been in this position. He may feel even that Paul has made a mistake for, with his rich spiritual endowment and enthusiasm, and with his power as a missionary, it must have been a mistake for him to be so confined and limited. Luke sees Paul a prisoner in Rome kept by a soldier.

This same circumstance is viewed differently, however, by Paul. In his letters to Timothy and to the Ephesians Paul refers to the same incident as Luke, but note the disparity in the accounts. Paul writes: "I am an ambassador in bonds. . . . . For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Note the difference in the angle of vision. Luke sees Paul kept by a soldier; Paul sees himself kept by the power of God. Paul looking beyond the soldier sees the invisible.

That is Paul's characteristic way of look-

ing at life. Beyond the Roman law and its restrictions, he sees the enfolding will of God. He may be puzzled at the issue of his faithfulness as a follower of Christ, but he is altogether unprovoked. He knows he is there *for* Christ, and hence he deduces with perfect unanswerable logic that he is there *with* Christ. Of infinitely truer significance to the Apostle's heart than the clanking of the chain and his enforced companionship with this rude soldier of Cæsar's legions is the close, intimate companionship of the Lord, with Whom Paul never had closer, sweeter comradeship than in those hours when he was so "kept" by a soldier.

Hence it is that Paul's prison days are full of supreme significant opportunity. The guard himself becomes the vehicle of the Gospel into Cæsar's palace. Through this soldier with whom Paul converses about the things of Christ, the Gospel makes its way, as Paul says elsewhere, into the prætorian guard, and ultimately the Apostle is able to refer to the consequent collection of believers as "saints . . . . of Cæsar's household." As the guard is changed from time to time and another takes his place, the Apostle finds renewed opportunities for missionary effort, and thus the Gospel has entrance into the very heart of Roman authority. Thus Paul is kept where he is not only *with* Christ, but *for* Christ.

Paul may be fettered, but what does it matter so long as the Kingdom is furthered? If Christ can use Paul *bound* more effectively than Paul *free*, then Paul is perfectly happy. He soars and sings, and, chained thus to the soldier, he writes these priestly epistles, the richest and ripest of his experiences distilled into a gospel of comfort and guidance for the Church of Christ in all the ages.

Now, it is this power in interpreting things that hedge life in, which makes all the difference between Christians. It is devotion to the Supreme Control or the extent to which you are influenced by secondary causes, which qualifies your influence upon the kingdom of darkness and the service of God.

There are some who find only a cause of dissatisfaction with the interference in their aims, their prospects, their plans, or their pleasures. "Why," they ask petulantly, "are things so in my life? Why should there be a soldier to whom I am chained, and from whom I cannot get free?" These people literally lose themselves in the maze of self-pity. When one begins to pity himself there is an end of all influence forever. Let a man once commence the immorality of self-pity and he himself should become the object of our pity, for his usefulness is ended.

When one's vision is filled with that which is nearest, "the soldier," and all one's strength is spent in fighting that to which he is chained, it results in passive indifference to the things of the Kingdom, or even active indignation against God. In so doing one puts himself hopelessly out of touch with God, for his whole attitude is an indictment of God's will.

There are others, however, who have learned of Christ that God is over all and they are content. If their way is darkened, they call it the shadow of the Almighty. If a soldier bars their way, they see that he is only disguised in Roman uniform; he is really a minister of God to them. If the door is locked and they cannot get out, they sing—"God holds the key of all unknown, and I am glad." If their limitations threaten them, they convert these limitations into a bridge, and, just as Paul did, enter the Roman palace with the eternal and active message of the Gospel. In other words, there are some who in their own concept of life are "kept by a soldier"; and there are others who are kept, sometimes within very narrow limits, not by a soldier at all, but by the Captain of our salvation.

It is faith which thus enables us to "rejoice in the Lord" without any resentment, to wait for an explanation until the need of obscurity is past, to believe that when iron enters your soul it is the iron which has been heated in the fire of God's love and brands upon you the very marks of the Lord Jesus. It is faith which enables you to use your current opportunity, not for railing at the unknown but for testifying

to the known, and never allowing the unknown and all its influence to invade the realm of your certainty and to rob your Christian testimony of its vitality and its effectiveness.

It is quite probable that Paul saw the meaning of the soldier only after a while. I do not think he wrote this letter to Timothy the first day or the first week of his prison experience. Paul was just as much a man as we are. He had no bigger resources of grace than we have ourselves, and not so large a resource in Christian experience to draw upon for supplementary inspiration. And his secret was just this: unflinching loyalty to the Lord of life and glory Whose he was and Whom he sought to serve.

It is the man who refuses to interpret life apart from God's love and refuses to see in the soldier any other than a messenger of the Most High who has nothing to fear. Life is utterly powerless to terrify such a one; it can summon all its reserves of hostility but cannot halt his faith one step. He has committed himself to God, and the responsibility of life is a shared responsibility. It is God's to plan, and man's to acquiesce and do; God's to direct, and man's to follow. The one who makes this angle of vision his, will some day, when the light is clearer and the perspective truer, see that there was not one thing miscarried in all of God's purpose, and not one mistake ever originated in the heart of the Divine Love.—*From sermon by Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M. A.*

MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL REVISITED BY AN OLD STUDENT.

Rev. Thomas Coyle.

The happiest years of my life were spent when a small boy at Mount Hermon School, during its formative period, mingling work, play and study, and storing memories and sentiments. Later, after years spent at my chosen life work, I coveted the pleasure of introducing my own two boys, just approaching boarding school age, to this school of my boyhood, hoping that they, too, might perhaps get something of the same fun, thrill, and vision that had made my seven years there a delight.

Memories of the flowing maple sap reduced to syrup and served with hot biscuits and butter, enjoyed with the young ladies from Northfield Seminary, as we "sugared off" on the freshly fallen snow; the corncob fights in the south barn, Mr. D. L. Moody in the thick of the fray; the hours when, transported out of sense of time, seated in the chimney corner of the north farmhouse, we were engrossed in "Tom Brown's School-Days"; double-ripping down Holton's Hill; the never-to-be-forgotten charm of the New England spring, with its hepaticas and warblers, with its flooded ponds for our raft; the three-mile walk to the old Northfield Church, crossing the Connecticut on the wire ferry and singing as we pulled on the wire cable, "Roll on, Dark Stream"; the spring work of helping to cut the winter's supply of wood for the church; the summer Sabbaths when we sat on the pulpit steps listening as Dr. Andrew Bonar told of his Master;—these and scores of other memories crowded, the one on the heel of the other.

As, with my boys I visited the old scenes, I found dominating all my reviving impressions the memory of that great friend, who in the old days knew each of us by our first name, the man whom we all felt honored to serve, whose presence gave an indescribable thrill to any gathering, big or little, formal or informal; for joy came to the Hill, dinginess ceased and drudgery was forgotten, if the word was passed, "Mr. Moody is coming over;" or, "Mr. Moody is here." We sought in our boyish ways to win his approval. We would run our legs off to throw down the bars for his swiftly moving carriage—he seldom kept to the roads but usually cut across the fields, and plowed ones at that. Life took on a new zest to have him come into the schoolroom and give us one of his world-famous talks,

or perhaps say to the Principal: "To-morrow is my birthday. I wish you would give the boys a holiday, and all of you come over to Northfield."

To-day this great, consecrated life, this friend of our boyhood days and of all boys, is a memory; but, "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." Those words, carved in the stone that marks the knoll called Round Top, are true of him, for his life, through his faith in Christ, not alone abides at these two great Schools, making their religion strong and wholesome, as was his own, but when the stones of these scores of stately buildings have crumbled to dust, this one who took thousands of boys and girls into his great heart and won them to righteousness, "shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." His Schools were a kind of by-product of his life. His restless energy started them during the weeks of leisure between those evangelistic campaigns which touched the entire English-speaking peoples. Yet as the years pass perhaps the last shall be first, and he will be remembered more and more for this educational work, planted near the scenes of his own youth, near Round Top, where from year to year his friends gather in the gloaming, to take fresh inspiration from the Master he served, and to seek new guidance for lives of holiness and service.

I was often asked by friends whom I met when away from the School: "What classes does Mr. Moody teach?" Of course we know he never taught a class at Hermon in his life. Yet through his life, by his words and his ready penetration as to what was best for boys, and what kind of boys were worth most to the world, he was the most influential teacher Hermon ever had. The heart of a boy was an open book to him.

I have a copy of "Gospel Hymns Combined," bound in black limp leather and gilt-edged. On the first page appears in Mr. Moody's bold hand: "To My Friend, Thomas Coyle. D. L. Moody, Northfield, September 17, 1881. Isa. xli. 13." I was then a mere child. The world was ringing with praise of this man who was about to start on his famous evangelistic campaign in Britain, yet in my childish heart I thought him the best friend I had in the world, and I have had no reason since to change that childish notion.

I have a prized letter of "hearty congratulations," for progress in school, especially in "deportment," dated, "Cincinnati, Ohio, December 15, 1884." Doubtless scores of other boys have similar letters and gifts. This man, who is characterized at this time by his dear friend Major Whittle as being "simple as a child before God, and bold as a lion before men," was never so engrossed that he forgot "his boys." Mr. Moody had ways of putting money in the path of any needy boy who was disposed to work his way, without seeming to give it outright. My own experience proved this all the way through school, and through a college course.

Those of us who think of him with Drummond as the "greatest human" we ever knew, often wonder why he took such lively interest in us freckle-nosed, barefoot boys in blue jeans, flannel shirts and farm hats. We wonder why he kept track of us when we got away into our life work, rejoicing in our successes, grieving over our failures, so that some of the joy is taken out of our little successes to-day because he is no longer here to rejoice in them. He did all of this with one object. He hoped we might become men useful to his Master. It was not because any of us were especially promising or agreeable, for he sowed beside all waters. He loved us all, because he first loved his Saviour. Need, purpose, character,—these opened the way to his heart, and they likewise open the door to his Schools.

Due to my own long absence from the School, on my return the first thing to catch my eye was the remarkable improvement in equipment. A number of the finest of the forty or more buildings on the beautiful campus I had never seen. Two of these have no superiors anywhere. West Hall, the great school dining hall, with a seating capacity of twelve hundred, is equipped with the most modern devices for cooking and serving. Mr. D. L. Moody gave the writer the first choice of any room in old Crossley Hall when that dormitory was built in 1886. This building and the first Dining Hall seemed then a marvelous answer to the faith of Mr. Moody

who went out and raised the money to build them, simply because he had applications from three hundred boys each year, and had room for but eighty. But I found, in place of the old structure, which was home for me for two years, a new Crossley Hall, much larger and in every way superior to the old one, lighted with electricity and heated by steam from a central plant, as are all the buildings, and accommodating three hundred and twenty students. Mount Hermon will always have reason to be proud of the fact that when old Crossley and the old Dining Hall were up, Mr. Moody at once invited the colleges to gather with him here in the first College Conference, and that here in our old Recitation Hall the epoch-making Student Volunteer Movement was organized, in the summer of 1886.

As my boys and I began our rambles over the old school farm, the three of us soon gravitated to the "old swimming hole," the scene of many a rapturous moment, and some not so rapturous either, at the time at least, as when, pushed from the raft into deep water, not knowing how to swim, I struggled to the shore, got rid of the portion of the river I had swallowed, went back on the raft, dived in and there and then learned how to swim. But this spot of mostly delightful memories on the treacherous Connecticut no longer resounds to the shrieks and laughter of merry skylarking boys. The temptation to steal in swimming proved too strong, and after several fatal escapades, all swimming in the river was prohibited. After a visit to the modern swimming pool in the James Memorial Gymnasium, however, crowded as it was with a splashing, laughing crowd of boys who had worked all day on the farm during vacation, I decided that while I proposed to cherish the "old swimming hole" as a tender memory, the new pool is perhaps safer and better.

We saw one hundred and fifteen boys start on a six-mile cross-country run. What impressed me was not so much the time made by the winner. What I most liked to see was the large number who "ran it out," and the good physical condition of the boys at the finish. No boy with poor heart action or under sixteen could run. The result was that not one boy, out of the hundred who finished, collapsed. This outcome is high testimony to the system of combined work, play, and physical culture.

It is a hard and fast rule that every boy shall work two hours a day or its equivalent. There are no exceptions to this rule, and no drones. While there is absolutely no sympathy with Bolshevism, all are proletarians here, for every one works with his hands, produces, gets rid of priggishness, and gets right views of manual labor. We worked with the boys digging potatoes, and hoeing corn, of which there were some seventy-five acres. We saw the boys at work in the laundry, creamery, dining hall, kitchen, and in the carpenter, paint, plumbing, and blacksmith shops. Forest and upland, meadow and sidehill, stretching away to the silver ribbon of the Connecticut, are all being brought to beauty and fruitfulness, as trees are planted, and barren pasture land becomes fruitful field.

Nothing more completely gripped the attention and held the interest of my two boys than the school herd of 175 registered Holsteins, 173 of them born on the premises, and the young stock, as gentle as lambs. The boys could not see enough of them, especially when, in the late afternoon, they crowded into the barns, each animal finding its own place in the airy, cleanly stables. Though these cows are milked by the boys, and there is no attempt to make records, yet one three-year-old has a record of 22,000 pounds of milk in a year, and 52 have an average record of 10,012 pounds of milk a year. This herd is a subject for study for those who take the Agricultural course. More than that, it offers an example of what any farmer in New England or elsewhere can do, under the ordinary conditions of a farm, in the matter of gradually developing a herd of prize cattle. I had a feeling that the two boys were surprised to find that the herd was not ornamental wholly, but that it supplied milk for the School and for the Summer Conferences. During my own student days, for three years I made the butter from the milk of sixty cows, under the decidedly primitive conditions that then prevailed. Now they possess one of the greatest Holstein herds in America, due to the enlightened fore-

sight of one of my old school chums, and it has been created without in any degree impairing the high intellectual and spiritual aims of the School. These ideas are not patented and are being copied widely at home and abroad. Mr. Moody's practical judgment, which led him to purchase two adjoining farms, which have been added to, until they comprise 1100 acres, becomes more clear in view of the phenomenal growth of the School. Seven hundred boys have been enrolled in a single year, and the ambition to enroll one thousand seems to be hindered solely by lack of accommodations.

As a boy, it was clear even to me that Mr. D. L. Moody had one positive conviction about education that admitted of no argument. He insisted that whatever else a boy learned, he should without fail learn to use the English language correctly and forcibly. It was his custom to ask us to write him letters from time to time, partly to note penmanship, and correctness and power in expression, convinced as he evidently was that here was the foundation of all sound scholarship. With this in mind, he often offered prizes for penmanship and for spelling, and once, when Mr. Henry Drummond was about to address us, appearing one morning to our surprise and delight, Mr. Moody offered a prize for the fullest and best notes on the address. We all wrote for dear life, but among us there was a new boy who had been a newspaper reporter and knew shorthand. Such a combination was too much for the rest of us. When the full notes were written up and handed in a few days later, to Mr. Moody's amazement he had a *verbatim et literatim* address, and to our disgust our handicaps were not counted, and the boy who knew shorthand won.

I was gratified to find that the English Department is to-day carrying out Mr. Moody's purpose with an understanding and a fidelity that often floors the boys, rids them of the common notion that the English course is a snap, awakens their ambition to use correctly the English tongue, and wins the lasting gratitude of those who are willing to pay the price of perfection. While preaching at the School, I noticed that my own boy did not take part in a soccer football game on the afternoon of his recreation day, but put in two hours on his theme in English. Not merely is a school somewhat remarkable nowadays that can put lessons on a par, or even above, athletics, but the large majority of boys who come here from other schools find that often their lowest marks are for English, which perhaps indicates the relative insignificance of this course in the ordinary high school.

I proved to my own satisfaction that the equipment was up to date and the courses well conducted, and while these are essential to the best work, and not as common as they should be, still they are to be found to a greater or less degree at other schools. But I am bound to confess that none of these considerations induced me to leave my oldest boy at the School, a thing I had not proposed or thought of doing, when I first arrived. But I soon found that the old spirit, that gave eminence to Mount Hermon in the past and that appeals to the hearts of discerning Christian people, to-day was alive and fruitful, so I saw the boy settled in my own old room in Cottage Number Four, and placed under the kindly tutelage of Miss Florence E. Flagg, who was the honored teacher in charge of this cottage in my day.

Fortunately, Mr. Moody stated his purpose in founding the School tersely, so that it need never be misunderstood and, I believe, has never been forgotten by those most vitally concerned: "To help young men of very limited means to get an education such as would have done me good when I was their age. I want to help them into lives that will count the most for the cause of Christ." What a splendid thing it is for any institution to have a master mind determine its policy, set forth its principles, inspire its leaders, and when he is taken away leave behind him certain magnificent ideals whose worth grows clearer with the years!

At the laying of the corner stone of Overtoun Hall before a large company of instructors, students, and friends of both Schools from all parts of the country, Mr. Moody in his masterly way struck the keynote with reference to the future success or failure of the enterprise, in his estimation, in these words which have proved prophetic: "The thought I want to present to

you to-day is that soon these Schools will be under your control. I charge you to make Christ preëminent in whatever you do. People keep asking me, 'Have you sufficient for your Schools?' My reply is, that we have a rich endowment in friends. Let Christ be preëminent and there will be no lack of funds. Make Christ first. Make Christ the Foundation and Corner Stone of your lives. These Schools would never have existed had it not been for Christ and the Bible. Live for Christ and the light on this Hill will shine round the world."

In the spirit of his godly father, Mr. William R. Moody, President of the Trustees and Corporators of The Northfield Schools, is to-day giving Christ the preëminence as he carries on and enlarges the scope of the work entrusted to him, and a similar devotion guides all who assist him in every detail. Anyone will soon become conscious of a quiet efficiency at Mount Hermon. There is a strong hand and a clear brain at the helm, the consecrated personality of Dr. Henry F. Cutler, the Principal. Dr. Cutler not only knew Mr. Moody, but profoundly admired him. He believes in the purpose of Mr. Moody, and has devoted thirty years of his life to it, giving boys of very limited means a chance to get an education, and seeking to prepare them adequately in body, mind, and spirit for Christian service in whatever calling in life they may enter.

The war, as you might expect, vitally affected the personnel of Mount Hermon. Hermon men, teachers, alumni, and students, were the patriotic sort who would naturally volunteer, and of course many were drafted, so that over one thousand were in the service. This fact, with the high cost of living and high wages, combined to so reduce the attendance of older boys, that it was decided to suspend the minimum age limit and accept boys under sixteen, for the duration of the war and until normal conditions returned. When that time comes I cannot see how there can be a school in the land that will more perfectly appeal not alone to the thousands of returning soldier boys, but to the young men of the nation who have seen the new vision, and desire to fit themselves for the large opportunities for service through the whole world in the New Era.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN VISITOR TO EUROPE.

THE PROBLEMS AND SPIRIT OF GREAT BRITAIN. III.

W. R. Moody.

"Meanwhile other questions, other difficulties, begin to thicken upon us, as on a stormy day a new mass of clouds rises from the darkening west before the last one has been scattered into the blue or swept beneath the opposite horizon." Thus Lord Bryce refers to the events immediately succeeding the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, and again it would seem that history was repeating itself. Problems of reconstruction and readjustment are as difficult of solution to the diplomats as those of strategy and supplies were a few months ago to the military staffs.

It was in Great Britain that our party spent the greater part of the time, so greater opportunities were afforded for acquainting ourselves with changed economic and social conditions following the war. By visiting great munition plants and shipbuilding yards, as well as through conversations with employers, we came to realize the new factor women have introduced into labor. Employment which was always assumed to be too heavy for women, they are now engaged in quite as a matter of course. At heavy lathes they have proved efficient, and in all kinds of metal work requiring precision, while in the operation of heavy overhead cranes they were also at work. On the farm and on the railroad women were employed in work which had hitherto been discharged by men, and on every hand one was made to realize that a new eco-

nomic and social order had resulted from the war.

Naturally, the termination of hostilities changed many of these conditions. The closing of munition plants threw many out of work. Lady Rhondda, president of the Women's Industrial League, is quoted recently as saying, "There are over 500,000 women workers at present receiving unemployment allowances, and probably an additional 1,000,000 of industrial women are out of employment." The suddenness of such transitions makes grave problems of economic readjustment. Again, the period required for the necessary alterations to enable factories to resume their normal work, after being used for the production of war materials, must of necessity take time, during which there is a period in which labor is unemployed. Then again, those who have become workers since the war began, and have acquired efficiency in war industries, must learn an entirely new occupation at less wages.

The place which women have thus secured in the industrial world will not be altogether permanent. Men will undoubtedly resume their old positions to a large extent. At the same time, the influence of the war has made a permanent impression upon industrial life, and there are some fields of labor in which women will retain the position which they now hold, at least in part. In fact, she is on the defensive, for already women's labor unions have been formed, and she has undoubtedly introduced a new factor in the economic world.

Artificial wages were the immediate result of war conditions, where the labor market was limited, and the demand was abnormal. With the return to peace conditions, wages will of necessity fall, and diminishing wages, with the high cost of living, further adds to the difficulties of the economic situation.

One can only indicate some of the more obvious industrial problems which the visitor in England observes in a hurried visit. The deeper one studies into these problems the more complicated they seem, and naturally there are closely associated with these abnormal conditions, social changes. Here, again, women are a large factor. In doing men's work they have received larger wages, and sharing with men in their employment, they have shared with them in their freedom. Social restrictions during the war have been relaxed, and as a recognition of women's contribution to victory, there has been accorded the franchise. The granting of the franchise to women affords them a means of demanding legislation which shall correct the evils and injustice against their sex. It is too early to strike a balance between the advantages, both economic and social, which have come to women as a direct result of the war, in the greater freedom accorded to them, offset by the loosening of home ties and a risk of less chivalry accorded them.

On the one hand, this has undoubtedly been a national gain, but it has had its social perils, for, with larger amounts of money to spend, and fewer social restrictions, many young women have mistaken freedom for license. But one cannot but feel that there is less of the chivalrous on the part of young men towards young women who wish to obtrude their independence, and undoubtedly it has, at least for the time being, weaned many women from home life, the drudgery of household cares seeming irksome compared to the greater independence of the wage earner. Were this to be more than a passing phase in the social life of England, it would be the severest penalty which England has paid in the war. The strength of a nation is in its homes, and anything that weakens home ties attacks the nation at its most vital point. One cannot but believe, however, that that which is divinely implanted in the soul of womanhood will assert itself again in the social life of England, and that the spirit of the time is but a passing phase.

A further social problem is due to the unwillingness of men who in the army have been advanced to positions of leadership, either as commissioned or noncommissioned officers, to return to subordinate positions in mercantile life. A bank clerk, who has in the army attained to a captaincy, with reluctance assumes his old position, and has a feeling that the war has developed qualities which entitle him to a greater latitude in the exercise of his gifts.

Early in the war there was a strong feel-

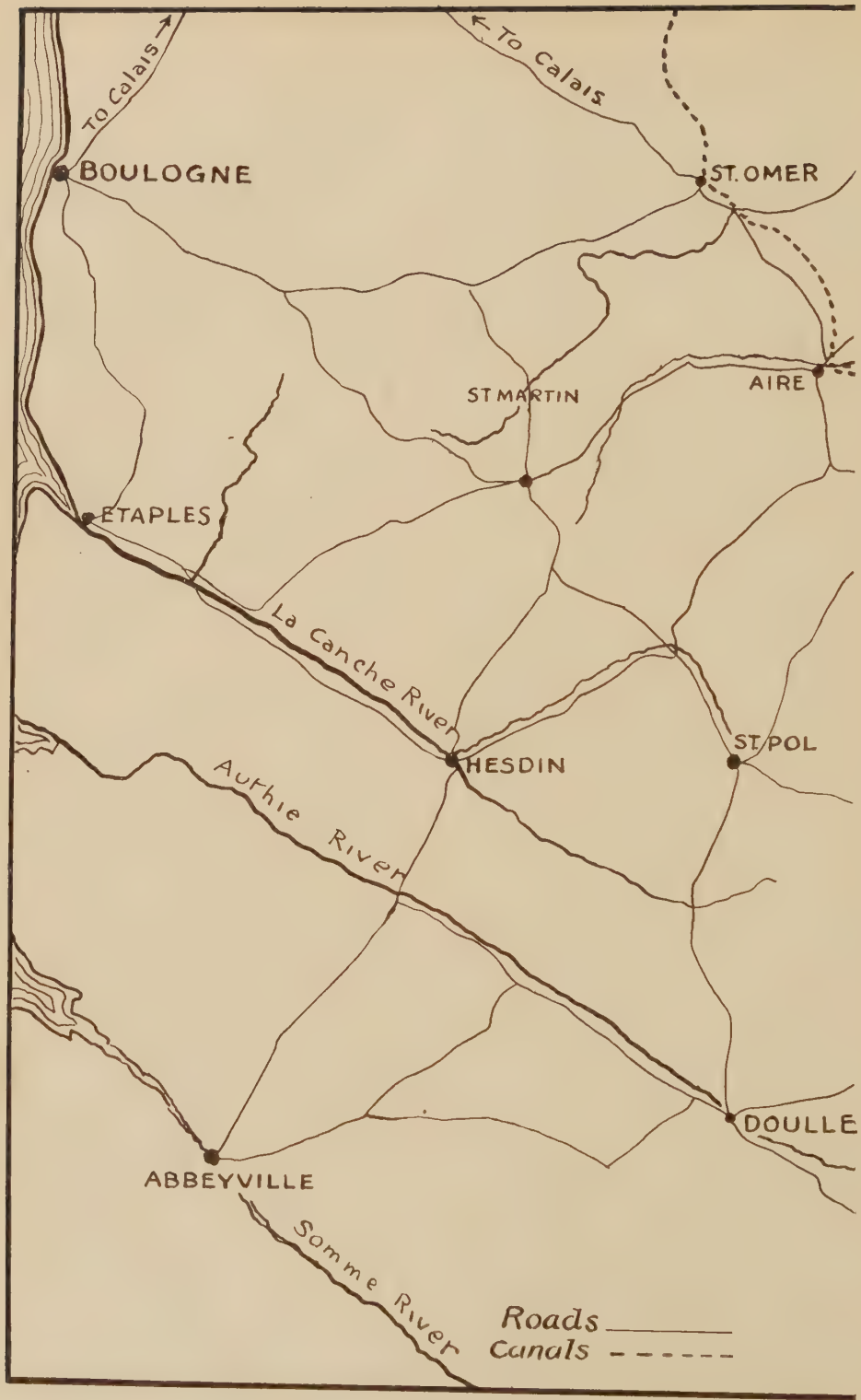
ing that England might have successfully required nation-wide prohibition as a war measure. Opinions differ on this subject. But in lieu of this, England has placed restrictions on the liquor traffic that have mitigated drunkenness in an extraordinary degree. We had an illustration of this in the city of Glasgow, when one evening in company with a police official we went through some of the slums of the city. To anyone who is familiar with the Scotland of the past, the present affords a most favorable comparison. For more than an hour we wandered through the streets, which were practically deserted, between the hours of ten and eleven. We saw only one man under the influence of liquor during this time. We visited the police station, which was clean and well appointed. The police officer in charge reported that prior to the war, and before the liquor restrictions were enforced, not infrequently seventy women would be arrested for drunkenness and brought to prison on a Saturday evening. In comparison with this, though women enjoyed far larger wages than they had ever known before, drunkenness had decreased to such an extent that on the previous Saturday evening only three commitments of women for drunkenness were recorded.

The hours when public houses were open were greatly restricted. The amount of alcohol in the beer was diminished, and the production of beer was reduced by two thirds, and a further restriction placed upon the use of any imported cereals in the manufacture of malted or distilled liquors.

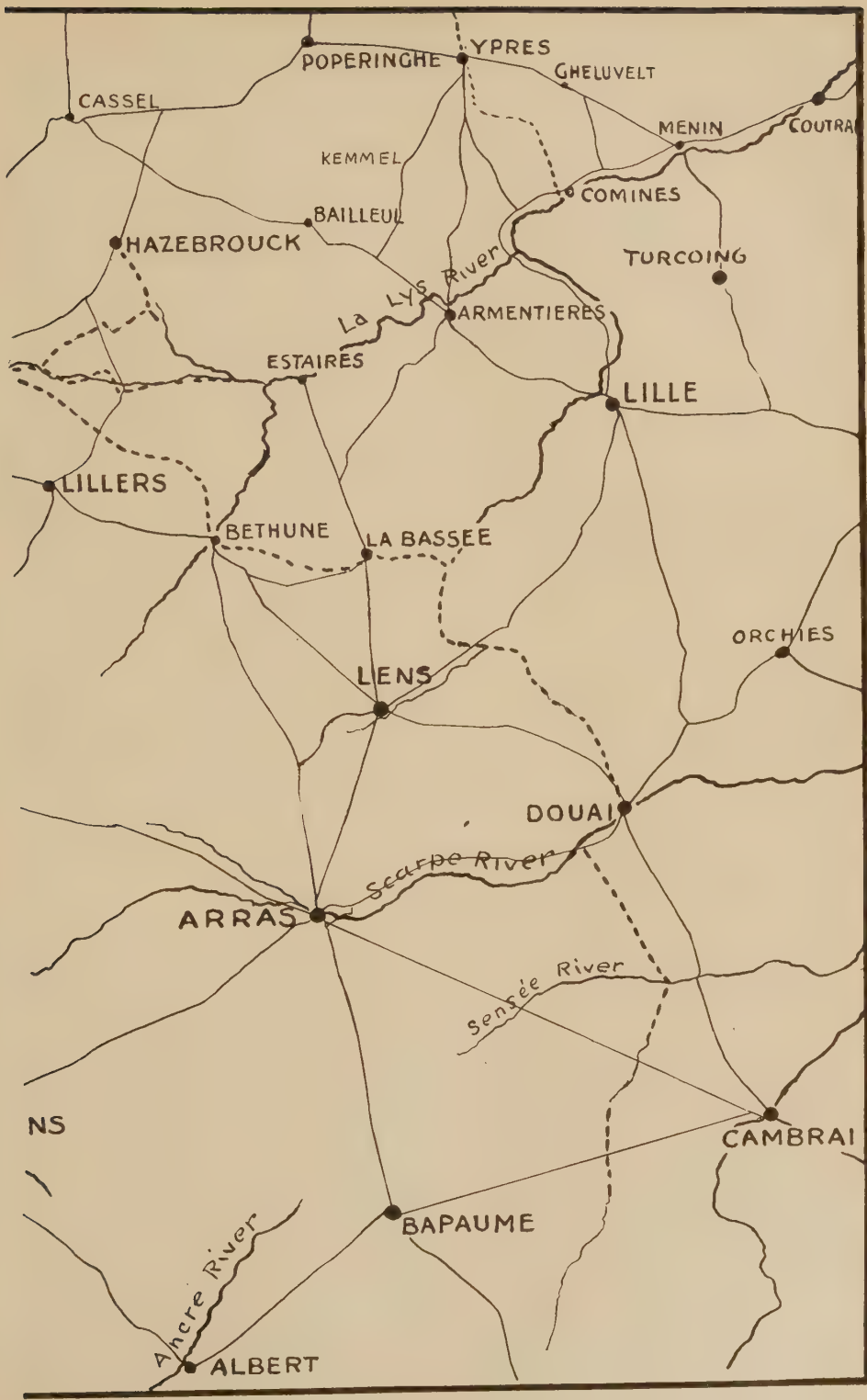
Perhaps the greatest apparent injustice is among seafaring men. Here we find that there is a feeling that, having braved the dangers of the sea throughout the war, with that fidelity which is characteristic of British seamen, they have not received wages commensurate with the services rendered. During the war they willingly submitted, but now that peace has come, it is naturally felt that their wages should be raised. One seaman, who had served on one of the large transatlantic liners, complained to the writer that his weekly wage was less than ten dollars, while his boy, who was in his teens, was earning $15 a week. It seemed an injustice to him that men who had run no hazard during the war were in many cases receiving more than double his wage.

And so in every branch of industry throughout Great Britain, and, for that matter, throughout the world, there is the grave problem of economic readjustment, accompanied with unusual social conditions, of which one might almost despair but for one thing, and that is the spirit of the people. One of our early impressions in England was the breadth of vision and sympathies of the leaders of public thought. On one occasion while attending an informal dinner one of the speakers, a brilliant young man, was called upon to respond to an informal toast. It was before the Armistice was signed, and naturally the burden of war was upon the hearts of everyone, although there were the first premonitions of the termination of hostilities. The speaker advocated universal conscription, but then explained that it was not a conscription in the militaristic sense that he advocated, but a conscription of service. He believed that the greatness of a nation was to be measured in terms of service, and therefore he would like to see every British youth between the ages of eighteen and twenty conscripted to render service for which he was best equipped. Those who looked towards a professional career should serve in some subordinate position among backward peoples, under the direction of competent leadership. Men who were in commercial life should serve in the establishment of industries, or in engineering enterprises among backward peoples. In other words, England should give the services of her youth for one or two years. This might be held Utopian, but he believed it to be economically more sound than the establishment of a large army, and a far more effective way of guaranteeing the peace of the world. One could not but be impressed with the familiarity with which these men spoke of the most remote corners of the world, and their knowledge of conditions, not only in British colonies, but everywhere. The spirit of Great Britain is one of intelligent understanding of the world situation, and not a view circumscribed by the horizon of the British colonies.

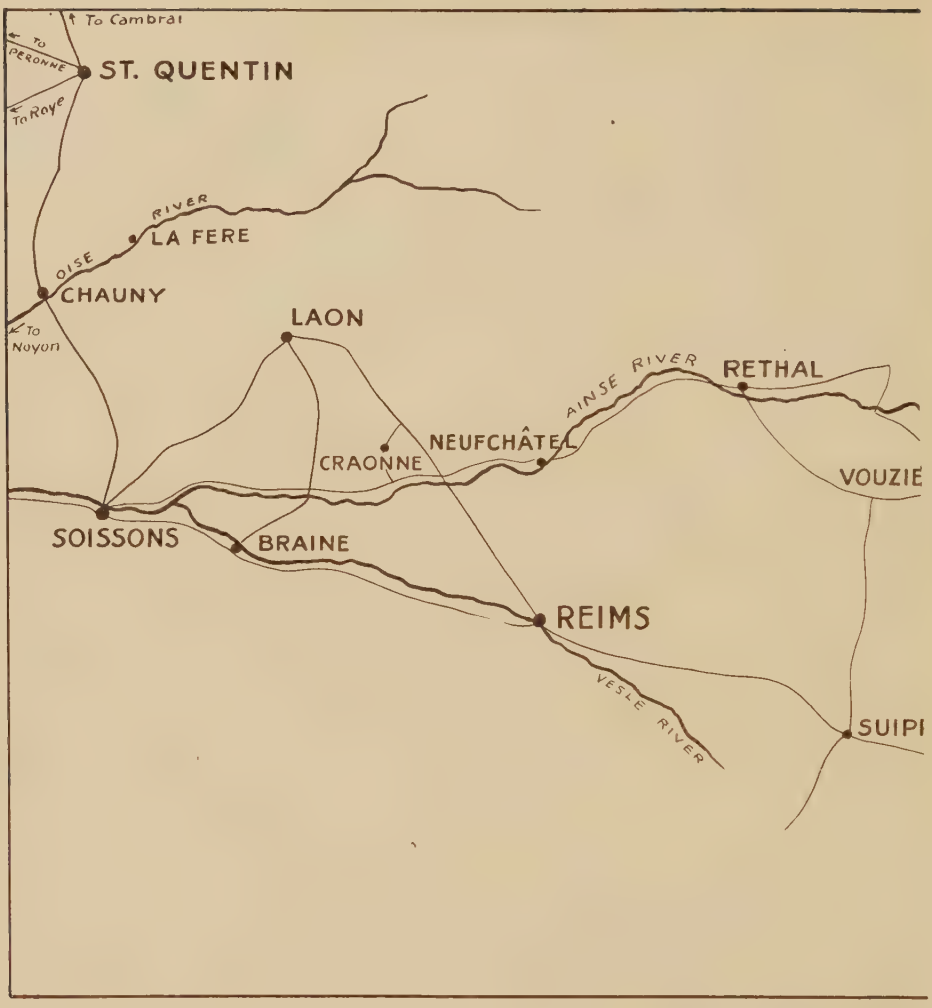
But that which was even more important was the consciousness that leadership was



Outline Map Showing Devastated



Area of British Front.



Outline Map Showing Devastated Area

in the hands of men of Christian ideals. The leader of the Labor Party is himself, we were told, a lay preacher in the Wesleyan body, and on Sundays, when free from the duties of Parliament, is engaged in preaching. Even the Prime Minister, we were informed, not infrequently preaches in Wales. And the Christian spirit which found expression under the Wesleys in England at the time of the French Revolution, which has been assigned as the reason why the reign of terror did not extend to Great Britain, is still a potent force.

As reflecting the spirit of England's leaders, we would quote one sentence from a pamphlet recently written by Major Waldorf Astor, entitled, "The Coöperative Basis for a League of Nations." Major Astor says: "The United Kingdom and the United States, controlling as they do a huge share of the world's raw material, are charged with heavy responsibilities towards nations less favorably placed. It should not be possible for a poorer ally . . . . to be starved of material or food, in order that the wealthier nations may obtain an advantageous start in rebuilding their export trade." Surely this breathes a new spirit in the field of international trade. Heretofore the whole question has been how to get the largest share of the spoils, but we believe that the spirit of England to-day, as

OF FRENCH AND AMERICAN FRONT.

reflected by its recognized leaders, is an altruistic one in the best and broadest sense. Whatever may have been true of the past, England has emerged from the dark cloud of war chastened in spirit, and conscious of a sense of grave responsibility in the way in which she uses the victory which has come to her in association with her Allies. The late J. J. Hill has said that "the highest conception of a nation is that of a trustee for posterity." This is the spirit, we believe, of England's leadership at the present time.

In the literature of the times there is breathed the same spirit of altruistic idealism. Benjamin Kidd, in his "The Science of Power," voices it when he says: "In the *social integration* which is proceeding, the eternal law of efficiency cannot be stated in terms of reason. For it can only be summarized in one word—*Sacrifice*. . . . . The power of sacrifice and renunciation is the first and last word in that kind of efficiency which is deepening in the social era of the race."

Or in the following paragraph by Lionel Curtis in *The Round Table:* "A commonwealth no less than an autocracy is, in the last analysis, despotic in its claims. It cannot undertake to ask men if they choose to enter or leave its service, to keep or lose their wealth, their homes, their wives, or

their children, to live or to die. What it claims from its members is no less than their all; and whenever two states strive for the mastery, that claim will be made, and woe to the man who, when called upon to answer two such claims, thinks to evade both."

There is a spirit of adaptability among the Britishers that is a revelation to the average American. We have the impression that England is conservative, but in government England is far less so than America. One has but to mention the legislation of the last ten years, with its old age pensions, insurance laws, and its new educational policy, to realize the courage and fearlessness of England in experimenting in the realm of government.

A further evidence of the spirit which we believe will conquer is that which won the victory on the field of battle. Out of a population of forty-eight million, England has lost a million upon the battlefield, another million are seriously maimed, while a third million, and probably many more, will bear the marks of the war in being prematurely aged. This means that fully one man out of seven, between the ages of twenty and forty, has given up his life, and another man out of the same number has been permanently disabled, while a third man has received injuries which may ultimately impair his health.

But all has been paid as a matter of course. Men are loath to refer either to what they have endured, or what they have achieved, and those who have suffered most and endured longest are the least willing to recount their experiences, but often "camouflage" their modesty by an apparent indifference and light-heartedness. Come to know these men better, and you realize the sacrifice they have made, for none of them will again be the careless, light-hearted youths they were when they entered the war. From boyhood many of them have passed directly into mature manhood, and youth is not the least sacrifice which they have made for their country.

And what shall we say of the others who have also made sacrifices, perhaps most of all,—the mothers and wives at home, who through the long, weary months and years have agonized in soul, but with indomitable spirit have "carried on" bravely, never permitting any outward expression to betray their inward suffering?

There was the friend whom I knew in a suburb of London, who had two brothers and three sons in the war. First, there came the news that her brother was among the missing in Flanders, and two days later, as she left her home to conduct a meeting for working women in the heart of the industrial portion of the city, a telegram was handed to her announcing the death of her youngest boy. Quietly folding the telegram and replacing it in the envelope, she continued on her way to the meeting, to discharge what she felt to be a duty, never betraying until the end of the service the anguish of heart in which she had gone forth to seek to help others.

There was the wife of a busy, heavily burdened doctor, who received word of the death of her son in Gallipoli. Wishing to have the news come to the doctor when he was best able to bear it physically, she deferred sharing the sorrow with him, but comported herself through the dinner hour cheerfully, and even read letters from the absent boy, whom she knew had already gone to his reward. Only after the day's work was entirely over did she tell the sad news to her husband.

Then there comes the picture of the brave admiral at Queenstown, who, quietly, untiringly, and keenly alert, watched at the gateway of British merchant commerce through all the long, weary months, for weeks at a time never knowing more than four or five hours' rest at night; going out at times to personally investigate the scene of the torpedoing of some steamer, and on one occasion rescuing in a terrific gale the only survivors, still clinging to a raft. Ever alert, he guarded the coast of Ireland and the west coast of England, while millions of tons of commerce passed to England and her Allies, and millions of troops from Canada and America came to share in the great warfare. For over two years he never took a holiday, and it was only when Admiral Sims, with the American fleet, crossed the ocean to share with the British navy in the patrolling of European waters, that Admiral Sir Lewis Bailey was induced to take a few days' holiday, after the continual strain of more than two years. Then it was that for the first time in history the

American admiral's flag flew from the Admiralty House in Queenstown.

Of course, there is social unrest, and this must be expected. But that is not the last impression which the American visitor receives in Great Britain. There is that which is less obtrusive, but deeper and more profound, and that is the *spirit of Britain.*

As we entered the Mersey on our arrival in England, and passed up to our dock, a ferryboat crowded with passengers moved out from the Brighton pier. There were many soldiers on our ship who received a cheer of welcome from the passengers on the ferryboat. I was standing beside an English officer, who suddenly started and exclaimed, "That is *The Iris.*" This did not convey very much to me until he explained that in the blocking of the port at Zeebrugge *The Iris* and *The Daffodil* shared in that daring enterprise. He then described the action in some detail. As I looked at the ferryboat which had gone through such a storm of fire and shell, and had with such daring bravery done her share, only to resume again the monotonous and commonplace task of ferrying passengers across from Brighton to Liverpool, it seemed to me symbolic of the spirit of the nation. *The Iris* in the hour of emergency did marvels. Her engineer is said to have chained down the safety valve and carried fifty pounds more steam on his boilers than was warranted. But after her "stunt" was done she resumed her daily humble and ordinary service. She had to go through a time of readjustment, for the repairs were extensive. After that, she was at her routine work. It is just that time of readjustment and repairs through which England socially and economically is now passing, but from which she will emerge again, because of the Christian spirit of her leadership, and the sterling character of her men and women.

Last autumn, while motoring to Boston, the writer turned aside with some friends to visit the battle ground of Concord. Close by the monument which commemorates the battle are the graves of three British soldiers, or "Redcoats," as they were termed. There is a little couplet on the stone, which begins,

"They crossed three thousand miles of sea,
To keep the past upon its throne."

Standing beside that grave, we tried to picture the scene of long ago. My attention was soon attracted to two little flags which I had not noticed at first. One was an American flag, and the other, by its side, was the British Union Jack. Here at this shrine of American independence were to be found, side by side, the flags of those who once were termed enemies, but with whom now, in the same great cause of Freedom, we have been united. The union of these flags upon that grave was a symbol of the new spirit of our times; and the blood of the youth of Great Britain and America, commingled upon the soil of France, has surely sealed in a bond that is forever indissoluble, these two great nations, dedicated to the cause of Freedom and the maintenance of justice between the nations of the world.

POSSESS YOUR POSSESSIONS.*

Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M. A.

Upon mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be holiness; and the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions. Obadiah 17.

This is part of Obadiah's prophecy against Edom, one of the hereditary foes of God's people; Edom, whose attitude and relationship of continual conflict with the people of God is an echo of that struggle between their respective progenitors, Jacob and Esau; Edom, which had harassed the people of God's possession and choice until there was constant animosity between the two, which circumstances kept alive, and the consequence of which had been

*Delivered at the Northfield General Conference of Christian Workers, August, 1918. This address, condensed from a stenographic report, has not been submitted to the speaker for correction.

to impoverish the people of God in the moral and spiritual realms of their lives. Edom comes under the prophet's lash both for its indifference to moral claims and its contumacy in regard to God's commandments. Their religious life had declined together. They had been defeated again and again before the superior force of their enemy, and they had come to acquiesce in the impoverishment consequent upon military defeat.

And God raised up His servant Obadiah, a man who could see beyond the darkness to the dawning day, who could see that the present circumstances were merely temporary, who could perceive the great purposes of God working through the wrath of men and through all the complexities of human relationships; a man who could see the final triumph of the life of God in the lives of His people. Obadiah looked forward to the day when a disillusioned people should discern between false and true good, and when the exit of time should have dissolved all that could be dissolved in the lives of these people and they should discover the worth of the eternal life of God; to the day when they should take up from the dust their trampled jewels and their defiled garments, and should fit themselves for the worship and service of God, to be His true witness before the nations; to the day when they should realize their fortune and live as an enriched people, enriched with all the infinite mercies of Jehovah. This is the day to which he points. This is the light which he would have fall upon their present dark hour. "The house of Jacob shall possess their possessions." Obadiah saw all the providential workings of God shaping their circumstances to this end; and that out of the welter of war, and the impoverishment of its entail, a bright day should dawn when the people which bore God's name should approximate in character to God's nature and be His true witness and representative before the world.

What was in the future to Obadiah is immediate for us; for in Christ our Lord every Divine premise and every human instinct and desire has been fulfilled. And yet I would have you note the analogy between the state of Judah and the state of the Christian Church to-day. How many members of the Christian Church, are living in an exactly analogous condition to that of Judah in the day of Obadiah! They are enriched beyond their wildest dreams in Christ. All that God has bestowed upon the world in the gift of His Son is theirs potentially, but actually it is not. Potentially, they are princes; actually, they are living as paupers. Our Lord Jesus has made it abundantly clear that not only in dealing man with man in the common relationships of life, but in the great governing relationships between God and man, and man and God, "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." I say, there are many who are potentially enriched with all that God has to give, but actually their lives are morally poor and spiritually unlovely. They have no overflow of peace and joy, no glad witness and testimony to the saving, sanctifying, satisfying power of Jesus Christ, no effective contribution to offer to the solution of the great problems and tasks of the Christian Church. They have not begun to "possess their possessions."

Surely the purpose of our Divine Lord in gathering us together in conference in these days is that that which is potential to us all should become an actual possession; that we should go out enriched with a new way of access into the Divine storehouse, and a new confidence in the claim which we make upon His bounty in the terms of His covenant,—possessing our possessions.

The story is told of a man who possessed a large estate in the northern part of England, and who found himself embarrassed by his possessions. The outgoings were so much greater than the incomings from his estate that he died a poor man. His possessions were bequeathed to his oldest son, who it happened soon afterward brought home with him from college a friend who was a mineralogist. As they walked over the estate, the trained eye of this mineralogist detected what appeared to be an outcropping of coal, and he turned to the young inheritor with the announcement, "I believe you have got coal here." Further investigations were made, with the result that they found one of the richest seams

of coal in England, and the young man is to-day the head of one of the richest families in our land. The point is this: His father possessed all that coal, and yet died almost a bankrupt. He possessed that coal just as much as the young man came to possess it, and yet in another sense he did not possess a single ounce of it. How many Christians are just like that man! Oh, the contrast between the ideal affluence of the New Testament and the actual poverty of their lives!

Let us claim and enter into the present enjoyment of those things which are ours under the seal of the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. The fact is, many of us do not possess our possessions, simply because we have never learned how to be possessed by them; for the possessions which are ours in Christ are of the sort that must possess us. In the last analysis of things your faith is not what you hold, but that which holds you. Your faith is not expressed in your need, but in your character; not what you say you believe, but what your life attests you are, is your ultimate faith. And in these days when the whole world is being weighed in the scales of eternal justice and judgment, in these days when the war and all that it has brought into life makes demands upon every one of us, and upon none so surely and so severely as upon those who call themselves Christ's, it is a positive obligation to be at our very best and highest. It is then our responsibility and obligation to shine forth with the reflected light of the grace and glory of God and so to fulfill our high calling in Him.

So let us look over the title deeds of our inheritance, penned by a fellow heir, who said of himself that he was "as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." For when you turn and read the Epistles of the New Testament, particularly those of Paul, you realize that here is a man who not only has seen afar off the great truth that he has been enriched, but into whose life has come a positive enrichment which has transformed and endowed him with a constant inspiration. You never meet Paul down in the valley except that he is on his way from one mountain peak to another. Whatever else can be said about Paul, this must be said: That he is a man who has discovered a positive mine of wealth, and the wealth beggars language in his expression. He says the riches that he has found are unsearchable, that the gift that has come to him is unspeakable; and Paul simply cannot understand the type of Christian whose heart does not beat faster at the name of Jesus. Listen to him. "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice." Paul cannot understand a man who really knows Christ and is not living a rejoicing life; nor a believer whose life is not an ardent witness for Christ. Listen to him again: "All things are your's; whether . . . . life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are your's." Paul simply cannot understand a believer whose attitude toward all things has not been completely transformed by his contact with Christ. "In every thing ye are enriched by him." And Paul never looks upon himself as one of God's favorites; he never regards himself as having some exclusive privilege from which his fellow believers are somehow fenced off. Let us remember this: Paul had no greater Christ than you have, Paul had no greater Holy Ghost than you have, and he had not as big a Bible as you have. He had not the accumulated testimony of the Christian Church such as you and I have, for the reinforcement of his own faith. Therefore in speaking of Paul and his exultation in these Divine riches, I am not taking as an illustration an ideal life to the height of which you and I were never meant to attain. That is not Paul's conception of his own experience at all, and when he declares these Divine riches to his fellow believers, it is that they may be partakers of grace with him.

In the Epistle to the Ephesians, we find one disclosure after another of the potential riches of the people of God in Jesus Christ. "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ" (ii. 13). This is the first great possession of the believer, assured relationship with God. The world's query to-day, in the face of this awful cataclysm, in the face of the fields of France and Flanders, is this: Is there a God at all? And if there is a God, is He a God of power? If He is a God of power, is He a God of love? The world's

great query to-day is an indictment or a denial of the love and power and wisdom, or all three, of the God of heaven. For life has become increasingly uncertain to us all, and we are all caught up into the whirl of what seems a great machine that has got beyond the power and control of Him Who sits above the water floods. Upon you and me rests the obligation of giving a satisfactory answer to the world. And then hear. We who sometimes were far off are brought into assured relationship with this God Who seems to veil Himself, Whose glory seems to be to conceal things about Himself. This is the ground of Paul's exultation: that Christ has annihilated distance and broken down the barriers between the soul of God and man; that Christ has made sonship and all its privileges and its obligations glorious possibilities; that now there is no condemnation to a man who seeks to stand in the presence of God; that now there is no separation from the love of God, even though circumstances seem for the hour to contradict His love; that there is no uncertainty to man, that men are His sons through the blood that has been shed.

Paul then goes on to tell them that in addition to assured relationship with God they have the priceless gift of freedom, "in whom we have redemption through his blood." As Judah was living in Obadiah's day under an alien bondage, is it not also true that many who name the name of Christ are living in virtual captivity to sin? They are convinced, of course, that it is contradictory to the evangel of God that they should be in bondage, but they also regard it as inevitable. Their own secret sympathy is with the sin which delights them. They excuse themselves on the ground of heredity, if you like, or upon the ground of environment and its influence upon conduct. But Paul says that if you have not a Saviour stronger than the force of heredity or the accumulated force of circumstances, you have no Saviour at all. Paul says if Christ cannot break the entail of sin in a man's life, and lift him above the attractive, magnetic surroundings of his life with all their specious suggestions of a liberty which is but license for self-will, then Christ is not the Saviour that this poor sin-cursed world needs. The priceless blessing of freedom,—an inspiration to motive and a reinforcement of energy, a sensitizing of conscience and a glad submission of heart to a new control which is perfect freedom; calling to a service of God which provides him with the fullest opportunity for self-expression, a calling to a service which demands an unbounded spirit and an unfettered life, which demands wings upon which a man may rise, and unbound feet with which he may run, and untied hands with which he may work at the task of the Kingdom,—this is the priceless jewel with which God has enriched the lives of His people.

Do you know this freedom? Have you freedom from those things which impair your Christian testimony in your own church and in your own home,—freedom from pride, from temper, from irritability, selfishness, and indifference to the claim and call of others, and secret sympathy with the unholy? Have you an unbound life to-day, free, delivered from the hand of your enemies, that you may serve Him in holiness and righteousness? If not, you are not possessing your possessions.

Paul says again, Not only have you assured relationship with God, not only have you liberty, but you have the immediate aid of the Spirit, "in whom . . . . after that ye believed," after you committed yourself to Him, "ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise." Now nothing is clearer to Paul than this: that Christian life is not a ceaseless effort, a hopeless struggle, an impossible ideal imposed upon imperfect resources, but the immediate, present aid of the Spirit, Who helps my infirmities, Who reincarnates Christ in me, so that Paul says, with no lack of becoming modesty, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." If I fight, the weapons of my warfare are of the Spirit. If I think, then all my thoughts are brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ by the Spirit. If I seek to pray with all the fitfulness of my nature, the Spirit helps my infirmities. And He hath given to me "the spirit . . . . of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Is this not one of the priceless possessions that you and I need to acquire, and to acquire in a new way to-day?

I am not asking you to accept any doctrine of the person and work of the Spirit. I am not asking you to enter in upon any new cult of the Spirit which seems to dispose of Christ, but to so commit yourself to Him that God can reassert Himself in your feeble life and work "in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

Lastly, Paul says there is another possession, which is the priceless privilege of prayer. Writing again to the Ephesians he says: "In whom we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him," that is, of Christ,—prayer in which there is nothing mechanical, nothing formal; prayer which means power with God as a prelude to influence with man; prayer which is not an emergency measure, nor concerned in seeking secondary mercies; prayer which is not endeavoring to overcome some fancied reluctance on the part of God to bless His people; prayer which is not trying to make a change in the Divine mind. But prayer which is the aligning of myself with the Divine will, prayer which is the bringing of my own spirit into harmony with the Divine Spirit, prayer which is not monologue, but dialogue, prayer in which with natural accents and the confidence of sons, we talk with God in an unstilted and perfectly free way.

"The house of Judah shall possess their possessions." Have you possessed your possessions? Obviously, the Christian Church cannot fulfill her world mission either in her corporate life or in the individual lives of her members represented here to-day apart from these enduements. You may come to a correct conception of what the mission of the Christian Church and the Christian life is from a study of these enduements, in which you read the horizon and a land which has to be possessed foot by foot and step by step. But you and I can never possess this until our own lives are thus qualified.

How was Israel dispossessed? Retributively through sin. How are you and I impoverished? Through sin. But this is the Gospel to the Church as to the world: We are not disinherited even by our sin. We may be dispossessed, but we are not disinherited. We may lengthen the chain that binds us to the throne of God, but we cannot break it. This is the Gospel: That we may become possessors upon terms; that the ultimate responsibility rests upon ourselves.

All I have tried to bring to you as God's message to-day may be summed up in its practical meaning to us now in one sentence: Let go, and let God. Let go the things which you cannot possess and at the same time possess these treasures in Christ; let go the things which are exclusively contradictory to the eternal riches of grace,—and let God.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Ewing Christian College,
Allahabad, India,
January 20, 1919.

Dear Mr. Moody:

When I wrote you last it looked as though we would have a fair crop in spite of an irregular and short rainfall, but for nearly five months most of Northern India has been practically rainless, with the result that we are having one of the most widespread famines of modern times. It will differ, however, from former ones because there seems to be an unusual amount of public work to be done, irrigation projects, railway building, and other building expansion in all parts, due to the end of the war. So there will not be the usual wandering hordes of living skeletons.

Owing to the scarcity of shipping there are large grain stocks in the country, but the price is higher than in previous famines. Prices are still rising. Owing to absence of moisture at sowing time little was sown this year compared with ordinary. Even if we had good winter rains now we could not get a normal crop as the area sown is so much restricted.

In Northern Gwalior, however, work is scarce and the population has moved out, men, women, children, with cattle and all belongings, trekking southeast where conditions are better. Many die by the wayside and it is a serious loss to the State, for it will take years to get the empty villages settled again, and many of the folks now moving out will fail to return.

Influenza has been fearful. Hundreds of bodies are seen daily floating in the river. No official figures have yet been published for India as a whole, but in villages in Gwalior State that are under my charge the death rate during October and November was from 20 to 60 per cent. Cholera, plague, and the other epidemics from which India suffers, have never shown such a death rate as influenza. I believe a conservative estimate for the whole of India would be 10 per cent, which means thirty-two millions, or many more deaths than the total casualties in all the battle fronts during all the years of the great war.

In several villages in Gwalior where we could

go in and help the people, warm clothing, food and milk and fires and a little nursing cut down the death rate at once. So many perished because too weak to move round and get food after the fever had gone, and oftentimes every person in the village was attacked, so no one was left to nurse the sick or carry away the dead.

I write thus fully of these two scourges because I believe that under God they can be robbed of their terrors. Influenza and other epidemics call for the extension of a system of sanitation and public health which has already been tried and proved helpful in India.

With respect to famine, wherever on the mission farm at Allahabad we had prepared the ground by early deep plowing and followed American dry farming methods, we got a crop that in an ordinary good year would have been a 100 per cent crop. If these methods, therefore, were multiplied all over India, a bad season, which now causes incalculable suffering and loss, could be weathered with little or no loss. Thus famine and all its retarding evils are capable of being avoided.

The Government of India is at last fully alive to the importance of all kinds of agricultural education, and now the war is over is starting all kinds of rural agricultural schools. Our mission agricultural work, carried on in institutions like Hampton and Tuskegee, is needed as never before. If they are properly staffed and equipped they can lead the way and the Government will follow. As always, in India's educational progress, missions are the pioneers, and Government and the country follow. Therefore, I am praying that, in these days of reconstruction in India, when there is a social, economic, political and religious ferment such as was never before seen in this great needy land, the Christian Church in America will stretch forth a hand and give her sons and daughters, properly trained and equipped, full of the spirit and manner of Jesus, Who went about doing good, so that in the years to come India may look with gratitude to the day when America, out of her abundance, gave to India in her need. At Allahabad we have now made such a good start, have served our apprenticeship so well, have made and so overcome our mistakes that we are ready to wisely use whatever gifts in men and women and equipment the Church may send us.

All during the war I cheerfully, if unwisely, tried to carry burdens too great for me, hoping that the end of the war would bring relief, and now I find myself more burdened than ever, because the new day calls for more than the old. If we can get passage in July we hope to be in America next winter raising funds for the work here. I do not look forward to this with joy for I feel it is not a wise use of the resources of the Church. My work is here in India, and I should be at it rather than traveling in America. A brief rest in America would be useful, but a long stay is too hard on the work here.

The Leper Asylum has had a hard time owing to high prices and shortness of funds. For the first time in twelve years lepers have left the Asylum and gone into the cities begging, because they said they were cold and hungry in the Asylum. I had overdrawn at the bank far beyond the limit and was helpless. I have just received word of an extra grant from Government and have ordered a new blanket for every leper and two cents a week extra cash allowance because of famine prices. So I hope most of those who went out will return.

My days are very full and I get little time to write. Until July next, because of very bad famine in Gwalior, I expect to spend more time helping there than in teaching at Allahabad. We are putting in soils, digging wells and improving irrigation facilities and hope before long to have a sufficient tract in each district protected against famine. India for the next few years is going to be a most interesting place in which to work. The war and all its consequent widening horizons have changed the Indian viewpoint and now is the time for the presentation of Him Who came that they might have a more abundant life.

With all best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

SAM HIGGINBOTTOM.

LUANZA MISSION,
CONGO BELGE,
December 1, 1918.

Dear Mr. Moody:

To-day my heart seemed to open wide letting forth all the blood in my body at one gush. But why? There flashed into the far interior of Africa the deathless news of the war's end. Then when the blood resumed its familiar flow we thanked God for the last bullet, last shell, last dig of cold steel. For surely just as in conversation the continued repetition of the ugly word "lie" is neither narrative nor argument, so certainly mere shot and shell prove every time they murder babe and aged that they prove nothing. All this "we must have war" talk loses the last appearance of plausibility when you find that the same man refuses to run the same phrasing into, "we must have smallpox" or "we must have typhoid." The good soldier may spurn this war-smallpox juxtaposition with a snap of irritation, but the Bible ties them together in the same bad bundle when it foretells the happy days ahead in which there shall be no disease nor curse, "neither shall they *learn war* any more."

Dr. Chalmers was right when he said that the mere existence of this prophecy, "neither shall they learn war any more," is a sentence of condemnation on war. The point the great Doctor missed, though, was that here you have the Bible at its old business of pointing to the *root* that fed the fruit: it is not *war*, but the *learning how* to war. Therefore, this "they shall learn war no more" means the ending of all conscripting of human brains and bodies, human science and skill, all to the intent that one devilish day the thing so stored-up will stream out in the most royal blood of the race. Yes, Christ is coming to right it all, but meantime the Spirit of that same Christ in us calls on us to do likewise. Matthew Henry was right to remind us that as long as there are so many good men out of heaven and so many bad men out of hell, there must be trouble. Yes, but did he not also say that "some of our enemies are best fought on our knees"! Here, then, we find ourselves in the truest trenches of all, the only bit of powder we use being for the filling of our great larder for the needy.

The other day I saw a stab of satire in the fact that poor old Central Africans were dragged into this European brawl. . . . . A curious twist

A GROUP AT EVENING PRAYERS IN THEIR OWN COMPOUND.

in our lords of Lubaland is their failure to realize the identity of crime between that sneaking thief they would shoot at sight, and the combined attack of bravadoes to loot a hamlet. The vulgar thief deserves to die, argues this primitive negro, whereas the band of raiders deserves a salvo of applause. Maxim: He who steals your cash is a criminal, and he who steals your country is a King. Here again we see why our wild man of the woods is so tenaciously Tory. Their ideas shoot down their roots into the sanctions and precedents of the quadrupeds, nor can a missionary's rhetoric avail to soften these asperities and alienations save in a moment when he is off his guard. With animal tenacity, this negro of ours entrenches himself behind the solemn antiquity of beast law, the result being that he makes a stiff fight for it. Like Rob Roy, he can throw off six Acts of Parliament with gusto before breakfast, and all to that shrill bagpipe tune of the law of "the survival of the fittest" in Border Minstrelsy:

"Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys and Thirwalls and a'
Ha' set upon Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deidman's haugh?
Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa'."

Here is one such passing down the country to his own execution. An inveterate freebooter, we talked of the old days of plunder, and with disarming frankness he told me in categoric recital that he had only killed so many people for so many Cain-and-Abel reasons. Yet not even through a faint chink in his brain could I indoctrinate him with the justice of his impending doom in "a life for a life." As brave as a Red Indian, yet was he disconsolate at the keen injustice of his destiny, "the rope death." Sitting in his chains outside the prison, my eye caught a thing that looked the exact ghastly symbol of his own impending execution at the hands of foreign officials—only the new government road cutting past the prison for the north, as straight as an arrow, through all obstacles. Not far off, and ironically running parallel with it as competitor was the wriggly trail of the wriggly negro, not even consistently straight for a dozen inches! There in the straight-as-a-Roman-road government highway was the death symbol of this old African Rob Roy for ignoring all obstacles of rocks, trees and ant hills, this modern highway cuts dead for north preaching blindfold justice to the doomed negro. But he did not, would not, see the point! What was this innovating foreign government to him but merely a polished pal, merely a brother brigand, Rob Roy, Senior? For the Divine right of kings (he said) only means "divine right of gunpowder." I told him the politics of it all, told about the big Berlin congress, but that meeting of high contracting powers only meant to him the Berlin band of robbers. Told him sententiously that those "great powers" long ago gathered round the African map in far Europe, and with colored crayons painted annexive boundaries, but that was only to tell him of robbery on a more extensive Rob Roy scale! He blames us for gobbling up their Africa and says that we Vazungu eat *"both the fowl and his feathers,"* "eat both the fruit and the root." But I said it was much more equitable for Europe to gobble up (*minaula*) Africa in the annexive sense than for Africa to gobble up itself.

The sum of it all was that Rob declared he was only dying because he was black, and black men had black fortunes. "Besides," he said with asperity, "you whites are not white, you are only red!" (Here was a new, an appealing aspect of the color question, the reflection being a terrible one—but we must bear up against the strain that it entails.) As he himself had started the subject I preached to him (and sadly) his own funeral sermon on this very color question of his; pointed out in God's Bible the exact place where this question of his came up. Told him that the "seven-eyed" Book knew all about their negro "beast law" for the Ethiopian's black skin was mentioned in *the same breath as* the leopard's changeless spots. Told him that if the Ethiopian could not change his skin he certainly could not change his heart. Told him that the black skin was as good as Heaven intended it to be, and the black heart as black as hell could make it. Told him finally with a flourish, that God's sequence was first a new heart; then a new body; and then by and by, all things new. Thus died Rob Roy Africanus: he, "one of Plutarch's men," was not a snake, spoke the truth with no trappings, and probably with the exception of this ban of brigandage we could just say of the old fiery gentleman: "This was the noblest Roman of them all." Did I convince him? Not even a tiny bit. The last glimpse was this old stickler for etiquette puzzling out that old obstinate query: How can you hang little thieves, *and take off your hats to great ones?* Unfortunately he had muddled me up with the Government and thought it poor Christianity on my part to commend him to the mercy of God, when I did not show any mercy myself!

But hell does not get all the lot. To our delight and the Devil's disgust I report the conversion of two such "impossibles" as Chinkombe and Kaveshia. When I saw their capitulation to Christ after long years of unholy war, my voice quavered in a queer little choke. They had blood on their heads yet the blood of Christ saved them. They had gone to the extreme of sin and Christ had gone to the extreme of atonement: What more did they need, what more did God want? Often in Africa when faced with such renegades who reject all you announce, often, I say, the blood in a man's veins runs low and slow. Disgusted with man's venality your attitude is often clearly one of dejection and despondency. Then in one flash of faith all the insipidity drops like a cloak and the stately goings of God dispel your mean and mirthless unbelief. The bank gives only three days of grace and here you have Heaven giving this old man more than 200,000 golden days of all grace together. But they catch the Divine meaning of such merciful delay and it is glorious to hear one such assert, with tears in his eyes and Christ in his heart, that seeing he is so old the Judge of all the earth seemingly does not mean that he shall have an excuse for not being prepared to meet Him! Such is the perfect philosophy of old age. Ah, there is nothing that breaks the rebel's heart like this: My God has remembered me!

These unconverted old men of Africa, with haggard lines multiplying on their brow, are the stock critics of missions and the very last to yield. Let one or two young folks in the town break with heathendom and at once your aged monitors demand from them a Christianity in best apple-pie order. But when they do own up to the true conversion of a neighbor, the ring of their breezy frankness is refreshing. This time he makes a parable out of the fact that no native hut has a window, therefore no streak of daybreak can enter his dark hut. It is only the daybreak *sounds* that get in on him to tell what the eye cannot see. This, then, is his picture of a man's hidden heart and its conversion, this is the simile that seems to him to invite elaboration. "Yes," said one such sapient old fellow singling out one of them, "that man *is* saved and how do I know it? How do I know it is daybreak without even leaving my dark hut to see if there are streaks of dawn? I know by the singing of the sunrise birds. Their music gets into the blackness of my house without my bothering to get out and see if the East is reddening. So, too, a Christian and this new heart of his; I cannot get in, past bone and blood to inspect it, but the new heart *comes out in song like the sunrise birds."* Yet this old man, remember, is a hardened sinner who throws off this testimony frankly and finely, while he twirls an imaginary mustache. Very tenacious of their status are these dogmatic old men, the young upstarts in the town having a rough time at their hands. They have no Sinai, no Fifth Commandment, and the commonest wrangle is between father and son. As they are so provokingly quotable, let me repeat a conversation overheard: The son: "Oh! old man, we differ; let us take our case to the court of the elders." The elders (with studied rebuke): "In this case we appoint your father to the presidency of the eldership." The son: "Oh, I'm of age; look at the height of my shoulders." The elders: "Shall the shoulders be higher than the head?" (*i.e.,* his father).

May God help us to save all such from the shams

and shows of this world, for Christ would win them to His own heroic heart of love. There is the ring of fidelity in that fine old saying, "Better is a portion in a wife than with a wife." And the Christ Who hated the sin yet loved the sinner, He found His portion in His people. For He loves us for the good that is in us and because He put it there. His portion is in His Bride not with her, for all we brought to Him was the shame and the blame of sin. And shall not the Bride reciprocate all this? He is our Heaven: not it, heaven, or it, aught else. Better portion in Him than anything external to Him. We will not gaze at glory but on our King of grace.

Loyally yours,

DAN CRAWFORD.

RECEIPTS FOR MARCH.

Armenian War Sufferers (Relief for):

13791	$ 2 00

Central Africa (Dan Crawford's Work in):

13464	$ 12 00
13790	5 00
	$ 17 00

India's Child Widows (Pandita Ramabai's Work among):

13465	$ 5 00
13754	10 00
	$ 15 00

Record of Christian Work (Free Distribution):

13461	$ 2 50
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13463	8 00
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13467	3 00
13468	2 00
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13470	10 00
13471	10 00
13472	5 00
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Record of Christian Work

A Review of Religious Thought and Activity and Bible Expositor.

Representative of Northfield Interests.

Publication Offices:

Brattleboro, Vt. East Northfield, Mass.

Editorial Offices:

East Northfield, Mass.

Mr. W. R. Moody, ... Editor.

Subscription:

$2.00 a year; Single Copy, 20 Cents.

Any book acknowledged, reviewed, or advertised in this magazine will be forwarded postpaid by the publishers of the Record of Christian Work upon receipt of the advertised price. Remit by check, postal or express order, or by currency. Do not send stamps.

Our Book Table.

American Charities. By Amos G. Warner, Ph. D. Thos. Y. Crowell Co., New York. Charts. Cloth. Board. 541 pages. $2.50 net.

This is the third edition of Dr. Warner's standard publication, first issued in 1894, and now revised and brought down to date by Dr. Mary Roberts Coolidge.

"American Charities" is a work of the highest value, and ought, both as a reference authority and an interesting and informing discussion of modern sociological investigation and departure, to be in the hands of every minister and seminary student. Everywhere we meet with the valuable results of laborious sociological study and comparison. Moreover, the book abounds in suggestions of high practical value, such as—to mention merely one of them—the proposal to establish a nation-wide system of free employment bureaus. In a few minor details, experienced clergymen may question whether the presentation is based on sufficiently ample inductions. One wonders, for example, that the appalling percentage of prostitution due to intoxicant entrapping at the hands of thugs and professional white slave syndicate cadets, is not more emphasized, also that more is not said concerning the evil relation of alcoholism, or inherited alcoholic disability, to epilepsy. The general public, too, may question the rather patronizing attitude toward the Church that occasionally emerges, as also the apparent predilection of the able reviser for radical social reconstruction. The Church, with its mighty dynamic and great humanitarian accomplishment,

was here a long while before the sociological uplift that has grown out of it, and is still for the most part based upon it. As to the ideal social state, in which all poverty is to disappear, it is well to remember that German paternalism actually materialized not a few of the glittering ideals held by reputable socialists; but if we are to work this sort of a system in the United States, it will first be necessary—on the showings of "American Charities" itself—to establish something of the efficiency, centralization and despotic power of the now defunct kaiseristic *régime*. Let our sociologists investigate, educate and reform; but let them remember where the golden eggs come from.—*E. J. R.*

Baptist Missions in the South. By Victor I. Masters, D. D. Publicity Department of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, Atlanta, Ga. Cloth. 207 pages. 55 cents.

Dr. Masters brings a love of his subject to the history of a fruitful work of this great denomination. The fact that this book was written for Mission Study classes has not detracted from its value, but quite the reverse. There is a concreteness about the pictures which brings back again the good old days of the itinerant, zealous, often unsalaried, stalwart saints, who, though often uneducated were seldom ignorant, but with native shrewdness and a knowledge of the human heart won in the school of hard knocks, and a way of winning a decision for their Lord, too often lost in our softer, more polished days, went from place to place contending "for the faith . . . . once delivered to the saints," in those contentious days of doctrinal disputes, thereby becoming mighty in the Scripture, and gathering groups of disciples, who in the struggle for American liberty, in evangelistic efforts, and in missionary enterprise, gave proof of the godly ministry of many a minister whose memory is here recalled. No Baptist can help but be proud of this record. —*T. C.*

Call of the South (The). By Victor I. Masters, D. D. Publicity Department of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, Atlanta, Ga. Cloth. 222 pages. 60 cents.

The eight chapters of this volume entitled "False Faiths and Other Foes," are trenchant and incisive. Romanism is a religious autocracy, he says. It believes it represents God on earth and that no other religious body does. This is all good reading to-day when the spiritual Kaiser in the Vatican is seeking to put fetters on Presidents and Kings. Whatever place the Pope has in Europe, Romanism, the enemy of the American public school, prostituting the moving pictures to their purpose, is vitally opposed to the free principles of America, and is an alien here.

Much the same can be said of Mormonism which is crowding into the South with churches in every Southern State, and either the nation will grapple with this youth now, or later enter a titanic struggle with a giant.

Russellism has a wide advertisement in the South. It takes away the Christ of Scripture, denies salvation by faith, and encourages men to live in sin. That it makes headway is a reflection on the intelligence of the South and the adequacy of the teaching in our pulpits.

Dr. Masters names and vigorously and interestingly characterizes other foes and false faiths, *i.e.*, Holy Rollerism, Christian Science, Weak-kneed Preachers, Indifferent Church Members, etc. Other topics treated are: "Aiding the Southern Negro," "Some Neglected Americans," "A Gospel for a Prosperous Age," and "The Revolt against Doctrine."

Dr. Masters once attained some personal publicity in connection with a banner which he inscribed with the pregnant motto, "Fraternal sentiment is good, but loyalty to Christ is better."

No one after reading this book can deny that its author belongs to the order of vertebrates.—*T. C.*

Country Church in the South (The). By Victor I. Masters, D. D. Publicity Department of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, Atlanta, Ga. Cloth. 207 pages. 60 cents.

The Southern Baptist Church has lost through leakages of various kinds during a period of twenty years 37 per cent of as many as have been received by baptism. This church faces the significant condition of an unsurpassed evangelism coupled with an unsurpassed neglect of the implanted life, and a failure to nurture it by adequate teaching. False faiths, like Russellism, Mormonism, Holy Rollerism, win proselytes in vast, neglected, rural regions. The South has been widely evangelized, but an untaught people who are positively hungering for sympathy and religious teaching, with as little as possible of preaching and pastoral service given, have been easy prey for the preachments of industrious false prophets.

Though the rural churches of the South have been uncommonly conservative as to up-to-date standards of community service they have, in spite of their handicaps, continued to live. To know the danger, to see a remedy and then effectively to apply it, is the programme suggested here. The chapter headings of this very readable book suggest the contents: "The Country Minister," "The Once-a-Month Church," "The Support of the Pastor," "For a Better Day."—*T. C.*

Crossing Over: A Study of Death and the Future Life. By Alpheus H. Holloway, D. D. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. Paper. 56 pages. 50 cents.

The eager anticipation with which one opens a book which treats of the Great Future is usually subject to disappointment. We are always seeking for that definite knowledge, that clear vision of things to come, which even the Beloved Disciple could not give us. "Thou shalt know hereafter," is the Master's word, beyond which no human teacher can go.

Yet it is good and comforting to recall what the wise and true of heart in all ages have thought and said of the mysteries of our immortality. This little brochure aids us in this review and contains, bound together by the thread of the author's argument, some of the noblest expressions, beginning with the characteristic words of Socrates to Crito concerning his burial, from the Phædo, and including many recent utterances by leaders of Christian thought.—*L. M. N.*

Day after Day: A Manual of Devotions for Individual and Family Use. Compiled and arranged by J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, Philadelphia. Cloth. 106 pages. 40 cents net.

"It is a sad thing," says Dr. Chapman, "that some children have never heard their fathers pray." This little book, made up of extracts from Scripture and appropriate though but brief comments by various preachers or writers, is designed to serve as a manual for family prayer, in households where the parents feel an embarrassment in offering extempore prayer. It is of

course also helpful for private reading. A pathetic circumstance to be noted is that one of the last acts of the fruitful life of Dr. Chapman (who delighted to speak on the home and to urge the importance of family religion) was to compile these quotations, from God's Word and men's words, which may serve as helps to holiness.—*C. A. S. D.*

Fighting for Faith. By George F. Pentecost, D. D. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 306 pages. $1.50 net.

This is a collection of war sermons, supplemented by a series of discourses dealing with certain fundamentals of the Christian faith, the latter intended to meet the gradually emerging conviction that the essential issues of the gigantic world struggle were spiritual. The addresses manifest signal ability, and well deserve a nation-wide perusal. They are evangelical to the core, and breathe a spirit of the purest patriotism and loftiest idealism, besides being full of sound and refreshing common sense. Few men could have been found better fitted to issue such a trumpet call than Dr. Pentecost, a soldier of the Civil War; the man of whom the sagacious D. L. Moody said, "He is the ablest evangelist that ever crossed my path"; and who, at nearly eighty years of age, is pastor of a Philadelphia Church numbering several thousand members. The foreword, by John Wanamaker, Dr. Pentecost's most distinguished parishioner, contains a generous tribute to the war work of the allied clergy.—*E. J. R.*

France Facing Germany. By Georges Clémenceau. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Cloth. 396 pages. $2 net.

This collection of addresses and speeches is of historical interest for the influence they had in shaping the war policies of France, and of human interest for being the words of France's most eloquent spokesman expressing the unconquerable spirit of his country. While never ceasing to be a patriot, Clémenceau strives to speak also as a citizen of humanity. For years his was the voice of the prophet "crying in the wilderness" of French political indifference to prepare for the inevitable explosion of German rage for domination. There is a refreshing freedom from a suspicion of underlying political motives beneath the well-turned, virile phrases.

In their clear-cut vision of the issues at stake and in forceful expression, these utterances of Clémenceau might well be likened to Colonel Roosevelt's attempts to arouse America to a realization of the Teuton menace.

The articles, arranged chronologically, cover a period from February, 1908, to May, 1916. One wishes that the book, which contains 396 pages, could have been brought more nearly down to date, omitting some of the less important writings in the middle of the book. Those contributions written after Clémenceau had visited the front are especially fine. He makes the most casual reader feel, as only so true a patriot could make one feel, the calm invincibility and the humanity of the spirit of France.

In such a book, much naturally depends on the translation. Mr. Wright, in setting Clémenceau's thoughts into English, has succeeded admirably in preserving the fire and spirit of the original.—*E. M. P.*

God's Responsibility for the War. By Edward S. Drown, D. D. The Macmillan Co., New York. Board. 56 pages. 60 cents.

A fresh and stimulating treatment—in barest outline—of "God's Responsibility for the War." The title might as well have been for any war, since the discussion covers the whole field of human conduct or misconduct, comprising the sub-topics: "God before the Judgment Seat of Humanity," "Why Does God, the Father Almighty, Allow Evil?" "Is God Limited?" "Power through Limitations, and True Omnipotence." The first thing to be said about this booklet is that its style is admirably clear. A layman could read it with ease and pleasure. It raises, however, rather than settles the questions above indicated; its value is suggestive rather than explicatory—perhaps we might say negative rather than positive, tending to clear the ground of misapprehensions about God instead of presenting (which would be impossible) a complete theodicy. Of course, the mystery of the origin of evil remains, and any light upon that darkness must be found, we think, along the line of a free will permitted to man because, in spite of the debit side of the account, such a world (in preference to other possible worlds, or supposable conditions) had (as the creative Jehovah viewed it) a balance of cosmic profit in its favor.—*C. A. S. D.*

Morale. By Harold Goddard. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 118 pages. $1 net.

Mr. Goddard's book owes its origin to a recognition of the great importance of morale in the efficiency of the armies that contended in the mighty European conflict. He discourses interestingly on the play of the same elemental human energy in many fields, his hope being that in a new and better era it may be directed into the worthiest channels for the reconstruction of the world. We do not sympathize with the author's admiration for Walt Whitman, and regard the chapter on "The Supreme Morale" as inadequate. Perhaps its deficiencies are due to the philosophical (evolutionary) prepossessions of Mr. Goddard. Yet the reader will recognize the insight of a close observer, and will be pleased with the sympathy and optimism that are much in evidence.—*E. J. R.*

Not Impossible Religion (A). By Silvanus P. Thompson. John Lane Co., New York. Cloth. 330 pages. $1.50 net.

This volume by a well-known scientist, lecturer and author is, as to typography, what might be called a "comely book." Its binding is in excellent taste, and its type legible. Its title is awkward, and the idea of the author might better be conveyed by the caption, "A Possible Religion." As explained in a preface by T. Edmund Harvey, the late Professor Thompson had entertained the idea of issuing an anonymous volume which would set forth a vision of a simple, spiritual Christianity in no wise conflicting with the discoveries of research or the attitude of science, namely, a living, practical religion which would meet the deepest needs of others as it had done in his own life. Now that he has passed away friends have given to the world these transcripts of his thoughts and inner life. The various chapters were written at different times during an interval of ten years, and with one exception were completed before the outbreak of the war. They do not make an organic fabric; they fight shy of any appearance of systematic theology. Here and there are ultra-severe, or unwarranted, strictures on "orthodoxy." Considering the social environment against which Dr. Thompson reacted—although his own boyhood days seem to have been passed in a happy Christian home—these severities are not unnatural. He emphasizes the revolt from theologies, and yet, in making frequent attempts at an exegesis of the New Testament passages, he himself is found among the theologians.

There is much in the attitude and argument of the book with which we can agree, yet many things are said which are questionable. The main purpose, which is to reduce Christianity as a matter of faith to a simplicity of Christ which shall contain and accentuate only the absolute essentials, is commendable, but as the tendency of the age is to looseness in belief, and indifference as to doctrine, it hardly needs to be helped along by labored arguments. With Dr. Thompson's plea for love as the solvent of all social difficulties—understanding by that a love which works along lines of just dealing—we can heartily agree. It is not a happy feature, at least for the majority of American readers, that the headings of a number of the chapters are in Latin. Dr. Thompson avoids, perhaps more than most scientists, a kind of condescension in talking of religion, and probably recognized that in "science" there is a great deal of assumption, as also mutation in hypotheses. We are impressed with his own personal devotion to the Christ, and, incidentally to the main movement of his argument, he says many things very well and some even beautifully. His arraignment and denunciation of the spirit of ruthlessness which has characterized many so-called "heroes" of history is startling in its vigor and frankness. The climax of the argument—or more accurately, of the succession of more or less agreeing arguments—is reached in a statement of "some of the points in which the Christ is of significance to us to-day."—*C. A. S. D.*

Patriotism and Religion. By Shailer Mathews, D. D., LL. D. The Macmillan Co., New York. Cloth. 161 pages. $1.25.

The chief value of this thoughtful though brief study of social values lies not in its particular political views or historical judgments but in the reach and righteousness of its concluding demand that the teachings of Jesus be made the final arbiter in all differences between nations, and that international coöperation rather than competition become the ruling principle in statescraft for all the future. Dr. Mathews assumes rather too complacently that Teutonic ideals have been all wrong and that the non-Teutonic nations (he does not use this last phrase, though that is really his antithesis) are almost apostolic in aim and spirit, but, however that may be, he does not spare searching criticism and condemnation when it comes to considering the motives of greed and ambition which tempt the strong to use their strength for their own advantage in their struggle with the weak. Religion must teach patriotism, and that it is better to give justice than to fight for rights. The great causes of war "are desire for conquest and economic advantage. If once any sort of international morality be developed, conquest and economic growth at the expense of other nations must cease." The supremely desirable thing then is for every nation to develop an ability "to withhold its hand from universal success." Is Europe, is America, ready to meet that exalted test? Until the test be met, and "privilege" among nations democratized, no nation will be warranted in calling itself Christian.—*C. A. S. D.*

Peloubet's Select Notes on the International Lessons. 1919. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D. D., and Amos R. Wells, Litt. D., LL. D. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston, Mass. Illustrated. Cloth. 384 pages. $1.25 net.

We confess to a peculiar affection for the International Sunday School Lessons. It is good to see them keeping pace with the times. The lessons for the new year are varied and two of the quarters deal with the big words of Christianity, such as faith, repentance, obedience, prayer, etc. This should give a foundation for the scholar and make every teacher feel that his task is very much worth while. It is enough to say that we like these lessons better than ever.—*H. P.*

Prayers and Thanksgivings for a Christian Year. By Isaac Ogden Rankin. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. Cloth. 306 pages. $1.25.

Most of these very appropriate and felicitous expressions of devotion have appeared in the Closet and Altar Devotional Column of the *Congregationalist.* There is a brief selection of Scripture and a prayer for each day in the year under date, with suggestive title in each case. Here is a treasure for brief family worship at either morning or evening, just as the family gathers, at the meal, or just before it separates. There are also prayers for all kinds of occasions and experiences, public and private. This volume should be welcomed in many homes and found inspiring and instructive at the family altar.—*T. C.*

Riddle of Nearer Asia (The). By Basil Mathews. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 211 pages. $1.25 net.

Mr. Mathews recognizes that the tremendous upheavals of the great war mean the setting in again of the tides of life and development toward Nearer Asia. Out of large knowledge, he sets forth the characteristics of these lands and nationalities, and pleads for the leavening of the coming movement with Christian truth and idealism as the *sine qua non* of their hoped-for regeneration. The historical preliminaries are a trifle diffuse, but the book is interesting and valuable, being packed full of recent and authoritative information.—*E. J. R.*

Science of Power (The). By Benjamin Kidd. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Cloth. 318 pages. $1.50 net.

Power is so associated in our minds with the physical world that we naturally define it in terms of force. Benjamin Kidd, in his "Science of Power," shows that this is exactly where Germany has failed. Beginning with the appearance of Darwin's "Origin of Species," he shows how Germany laid hold of Darwin's principle of the survival of the fittest, and applied it to the social organism. It was this conception of the lines upon which the world advanced that led to the school of thought to which Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardi, and the modern school belonged. To them the State was supreme, and that State only was justified in its existence which was strong. The only sin of which society could be guilty was that of weakness. These were the laws which Germany applied to her national life, and the world has seen in recent years the results of this teaching in ruthlessness and bestiality.

Mr. Kidd shows that there is a higher law than the survival of the fittest in the social organism, and this is the spirit of sacrifice, which is the essential element in civilization. "In the social integration which is proceeding," he says, "the eternal law of efficiency cannot be stated in terms of reason. For it can only be summarized in one word—*sacrifice.*

"In this stage the law of efficiency is always sacrifice—that sacrifice of the unit, the capacity for which in man proceeds from the emotions or the ideal alone. The power of sacrifice or renunciation is the first and last word in that kind of efficiency which is deepening in the social era of the race. . . . . It is his capacity for the

emotional or the ideal, and not his reasoning mind, which constitutes man the Godlike, and which separates him from the brutes." As the psychic or emotional is more highly developed in woman, Mr. Kidd argues that to woman is to be accorded true leadership in civilization in the future.

As in the case of Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution," his "Science of Power" is thought stimulating. In boldness and freshness it is challenging, and while the reader will not immediately, or even ultimately, accept all of Mr. Kidd's views, he will nevertheless be compelled to a thoughtful examination of the principles which he has heretofore assumed.—*X.*

Shaking Hands with England. By Charles Hanson Towne. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 119 pages. $1 net.

The human equation in England's war reactions was Mr. Towne's chief object of interest on his recent trip to England and France with other American editors. In his book he interprets this human equation in a sympathetic, entertaining way. His "handshake" is friendly and appreciative, but he spares the reader tedious statistics or equally burdensome analytical studies of the Allies' morale. It is through the hotel phone operator with her seven soldier brothers, or the bus conductorette whose husband rides out his leave in Blighty on her bus, that the author lets us glimpse the fineness of spirit of those who bore the war burdens at home.

We see a bit of the country life of England at war, and of the English women's splendid part in assuming the burdens laid aside by soldier husbands or brothers. The marvel of war industries centered around Manchester receives just tribute, as does the army of war workers whose field of duty was the shop and whose devotion made it a field of honor.

In the final chapters the author gives a picture of the scarred fields that once were French towns and with sure, understanding touches sets forth the unconquerable spirit of the French people.

To one who has served with our own Expeditionary Forces, Mr. Towne's reflection of England and France rings true. The returned soldier recognizes many of his own experiences and emotions as he set out on the great adventure. Those at home get a more intimate glimpse of the people with whom their sons, husbands and brothers have been rubbing elbows in the common service of the world war.—*E. M. P.*

Spirit of Service (The). By Richard H. Gilbert, D. D. The Gorham Press, Boston. Cloth. 119 pages. $1 net.

Stirring Addresses on Service, full of apt quotations, breathing the spirit of Christian democracy; this little book reveals a preacher at work who knows how to touch the hearts of his auditors.—*S. C. H.*

Text-Book on Prophecy (A). By James M. Gray, D. D. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Cloth. 215 pages. $1.25 net.

This book is an outgrowth of eight magazine articles by the distinguished author, which appeared under the general title of "The Mountain Peaks of Prophecy," dealing largely with current events. The book as now issued contains twenty-three chapters on various aspects of prophecy, moving on from Genesis, and even looking beyond this present time, one chapter dealing with "The Millennium: When, What, and Where?" Dr. Gray has great confidence in the powers of the intelligent Christian man to understand and apply prophecy. He is right in thinking that the general aim of prophecy is to render us hopeful even amid distressing and brutalized world-conditions, and his anticipation of the coming reign of Christ will stir a responsive chord in many a heart. We doubt, however, the propriety of mixing politics with prophecy, and basing general judgments on points of view which, in the absence of many facts or of various compensating factors, must, in the case of the best of men, necessarily be somewhat personal, if not partisan.—*C. A. S. D.*

War and the Bible (The). By H. G. Enelow. The Macmillan Co., New York. Board. 115 pages. 60 cents.

Perhaps there are readers who will be more impressed by a word on this subject from a competent, but non-Christian source than by anything said by Christian teachers. And, at any rate, it is a matter of interest to all of us to whom the Bible means anything to have a summary of its teachings on this pressing subject from the high authority on Jewish matters whose name it bears.

It is all the more interesting in that the distinguished teacher of Temple Emanu-El, New York, does precisely what he undertakes, and views the whole Bible, the New Testament as well as the Old. The discussion is simple in method, clear and beautiful in expression, sane in spirit, and, it seems to us, correct in conclusions. The motive of the study could not be better; nor more admirably stated: "We go to the Bible," says the author, "at present for counsel on the subject of war, for help in interpreting its meaning, and for light on the future, insofar [*sic*] as it may be given us to foresee the future."

On page 26, bottom line, there is apparently a typographical error, by which the name of Joseph has been put in place of that of Joshua; a mistake noticeable chiefly because of the name of the great printing house on this book's title-page.—*W. O. S.*

Way to Life (The). By Henry Churchill King, D. D., L. H. D., LL. D. The Macmillan Co., New York. Board. 129 pages. 60 cents.

Whatever comes from the pen of President King of Oberlin College deserves thoughtful attention. His genius merits the old definition,—"the infinite capacity for taking pains."

This little book is a revised and enlarged reprint of those portions of "The Ethics of Jesus" dealing with the Sermon on the Mount, with a special discussion of war and the teaching of Jesus. With the thesis that the Beatitudes give the basic qualities of life, Dr. King shows by analysis and interpretation that in them may be found the basic qualities of character, of happiness, of influence. "Character, happiness, influence—these make life. And their prime conditions Jesus has named in the Beatitudes. Here, then, indeed, are our map of life, our chart, our sailing orders." Especially helpful is the description of the Beatitudes as a progress, or progression, not an accidental order, but a symmetrical development of spiritual life, a growth in grace.

The four great motives set forth by the Sermon on the Mount are perhaps less illuminatingly analyzed, the motive of the unity of the inner life, of fulfilling the law of righteousness, the motive of "thy brother," the motive of "thy Father." But their treatment is full of spiritual stimulus.

The discussion of war and the teachings of Jesus, which end the book, exhibit the indefensibility of the extreme pacifist position, and the love for man, which is fundamental in the teachings of our Lord, as a supreme incentive to a righteous war and not prohibitive of such an undertaking.—*L. M. N.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Altruism: Its Nature and Varieties. By George Herbert Palmer. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. Cloth. 138 pages. $1.25 net.

Beauty of the Bible (The): A Study of Its Poets and Poetry. By James Stalker, M. A., D. D. Pilgrim Press, Boston. Cloth. 250 pages. $2.25.

By an Unknown Disciple. Anonymous. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 246 pages. $1.50 net.

Captain Bickel of the Inland Sea. By Charles Kendall Harrington. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 301 pages. $1.75 net.

Complete Bible in Modern English (The). Translated by Ferrar Fenton, F. R. A. S., M. C. A. A. Oxford Press, New York. Cloth. 600 pages.

Conscience and Concessions (The): How May the Individual Become Related to the Many? By Alfred Williams Anthony, D. D., LL. D. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Cloth. 269 pages. $1.50 net.

Crusade of Compassion for the Healing of the Nations. Compiled by Belle J. Allen, M. D. The Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions, West Medford, Mass. Illustrated. Cloth. 240 pages. 50 cents.

Democratic Christianity. By Francis J. McConnell. Macmillan Co., New York. Board. 87 pages. 60 cents.

Dictionary of the Apostolic Church. Vol. II. Edited by James Hastings, D. D. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. Cloth. 724 pages. $6 net.

Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics. Vol. X. Edited by James Hastings, D. D. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. Cloth. 915 pages.

Essays in Lent. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Cloth. 67 pages.

Gospel in the Light of the Great War (The). By Ozora S. Davis. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. Cloth. 219 pages. $1.25 net.

Isaiah in Modern Speech. By John Edgar McFadyen, D. D. Pilgrim Press, Boston. Cloth. 224 pages. $2.25.

John P. Williamson: A Brother to the Sioux. By Winifred W. Barton. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 269 pages. $1.75 net.

Kingdom that Must be Built (The). By Walter J. Carey, M. A., R. N. Macmillan Co., Board. 111 pages.

Light in the Land of Sinim (A). By Harriet Newell Noyes. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 250 pages. $1.50 net.

Little Town (The). By Harlan Paul Douglass. Macmillan Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 258 pages. $1.50.

Maine Law (The). By Ernest Gordon. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Paper. 124 pages. 35 cents net.

Morals and Morale. By Luther H. Gulick, M. D. Association Press, New York. Cloth. 192 pages. $1 net.

New World Order (The). By Samuel Zane Batten. American Baptist Publication Society, New York. Board. 175 pages.

One Great Society (The): A Book of Recollections. By Frederick Lynch, D. D. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Cloth. 223 pages. $1.25 net.

Reunion in Eternity. By W. Robertson Nicoll. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 295 pages. $1.50 net.

Science of Power (The). By Benjamin Kidd. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Cloth. 318 pages. $1.50 net.

Ten Lessons on Our Lord's Return. By Clinton C. Bell. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Cloth. 148 pages. $1 net.

Unspeakable Gift (The), and Other Sermons. By E. Griffith-Jones, B. A., D. D. Pilgrim Press, Boston. Cloth. 287 pages. $2.25.

Unthrown Stone (The). By Alexander Marlowe. The Gorham Press, Boston. Cloth. 158 pages. $1.25 net.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE CORRESPONDENCE COURSE.

Miss A. W. Pierson.

All correspondence relating to this Department should be sent to Miss A. W. Pierson, 10 Elston Road, Upper Montclair, N. J. Those desiring to enter the Course should read the Foreword in the January issue. Enter now and try for the $10 prize. Send in answers if possible before the end of each month. Give name, age and address.

BIBLE FOLK WHO DARED.

V. The Boy Who Dared to Defend God's Honor.

Scripture to be Read.

1 Sam. xvi.; xvii.; xviii. 1-16.

Questions to be Answered.

1. How many brothers did David have? Name them.

2. How do we know that even as a boy David's heart was right in God's sight?

3. How did Jonathan show that he loved David *better* than himself?

4. Contrast David and Saul in character, obedience and aim.

5. Why was it mentioned that Jonathan gave David his sword? Were swords especially valued in Israel at that time? (Those under twelve years of age may omit this question.)

6. When did Jonathan's friendship for David nearly cost him his life?

Subject for Meditation.

Am I brave enough to stand up for God

when His enemies are sneering and unbelieving?

THE GIANT'S CHALLENGE.

Two vast armies face each other on opposite hillsides, and in the open space between them struts the huge figure of a man over eleven feet tall. He has a helmet of brass upon his head and a coat of steel which weighs about two hundred and eighty pounds. His legs are encased in brass leggings and there is an extra shield of brass fastened to his back between his shoulders. He carries a great sword at his belt and in his right hand is a long spear whose tip alone weighs twenty-five pounds. Going before this warrior is a servant bearing a shield, to protect his master from any arrows that may be shot at him. The giant seems to be shouting something in a voice like thunder which can be heard by both armies. Let us listen to what he is saying: "Why are ye come out to fight? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man to fight with me. If he be able to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I kill him, then shall ye be our servants. I defy the armies of Israel this day."

When the Israelites hear this challenge they are much afraid. They have no giant to go out and fight this monster, and no one is found willing to dare such an encounter. For forty days, morning and evening, this boaster challenges the Israelites, but no one offers to go to fight him. One day there arrives in the camp

A YOUNG SHEPHERD BOY

just coming into manhood. He has been sent to visit his brothers who are in the army of Israel. When he sees the great giant and hears him shouting he inquires of some soldiers near by what it all means. They tell him how for more than a month this giant has threatened them and how they fear him. They also tell him that the king of Israel has promised great riches and his daughter in marriage to whoever will fight and kill him.

The shepherd is not much more than a boy, and has never been in a battle in his life, but when he hears that this heathen giant has defied the armies of God's own people Israel, he is filled with indignation, and a determination to defend God's honor. This brute shall see that the God of Israel is more powerful than any giant. When he makes it known that he is willing to fight the champion of the Philistine army he is

TAKEN BEFORE THE KING

and though he has many times before been brought into the king's presence to play his harp, he has never talked with him or been noticed by him, because it has been only when the king's head was troubling him that he has been called in to play. Looking earnestly at the king the shepherd speaks, "Let no man's heart fail because of this giant; thy servant will go and fight with him." The king can scarcely keep from smiling when he looks at this country boy who has never worn armor, and compares him with the huge old warrior. "My boy, you are not able to go against this giant." "O King," replies the youth, "while I was keeping my father's sheep I killed with my own hands both a lion and a bear which came after my sheep. The God Who gave me power to do this will give me power to kill this heathen giant who has defied His armies."

At last the king reluctantly consents to let him try. He puts his own beautiful armor upon the youth, but as he has never worn such a thing he finds he can do nothing with such a weight upon him and puts it off, telling the king that he prefers to trust the God he has proved rather than an armor which he has not. Then running down to the brook he picks up some nice smooth stones, and taking his shepherd's staff and sling he starts to meet the foe.

When the giant sees the unarmed shepherd coming towards him his lip curls in scorn and looking over his head he pretends he cannot see him he is so small. As the youth comes nearer he roars at him, "Am I a dog, that you come to me with a stick?" and he curses him by his gods and says, "Come to me, and I will give your flesh to the birds of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

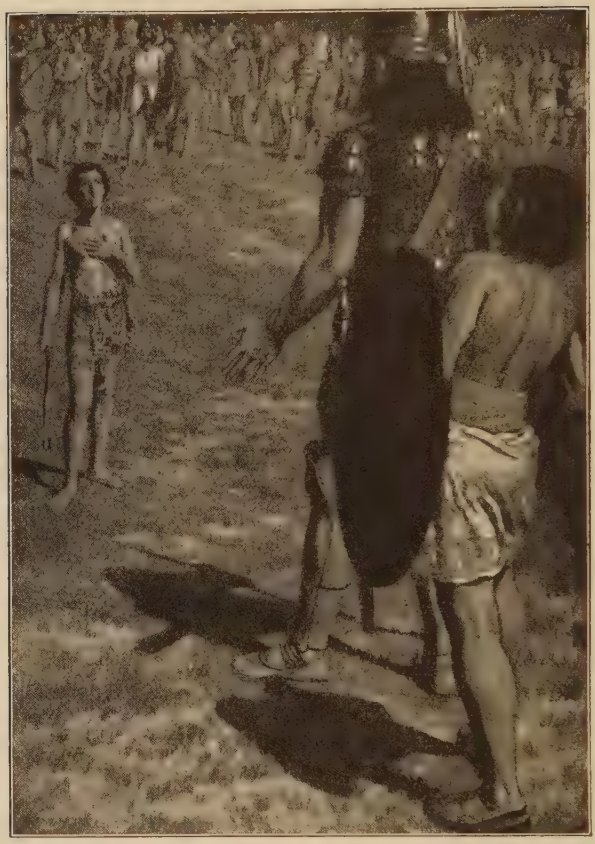
With his head thrown back and the light of victory in his face the youth replies: "You come to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to you in the name of the Lord of hosts, Whose armies you have defied. This day will the Lord deliver you into my hands, and I will give your flesh to the birds and beasts, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel, and that He saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give the victory."

Then the shepherd boy puts a stone quickly into his sling, and running towards the giant, he slings the stone. It strikes the great warrior in his temple and he falls senseless. Running forward quickly the youth snatches the great sword of his antagonist and with it

HE SLAYS THE GIANT

and cuts off his head.

As soon as the Philistines see their champion fall they turn and flee for their lives, and the Israelites pursue them, killing many and taking much spoil. Then the captain over the army of Israel takes the victor and brings him before the king with the giant's head in his hand. The king's son is with his father when the young hero is brought in, and when he



Shick. DAVID AND GOLIATH.

hears his story of faith in God and of his victory and looks into the noble, earnest face, his heart goes out to him with a great love, and from that day until death they are devoted friends though at one time it nearly cost the king's son his life. The king takes the young shepherd and makes him a captain and will no longer let him go home, but retains him as one of his household, and wherever the king goes he takes him with him.

The young captain has many more victories and becomes the hero of the people and also

MARRIES THE KING'S DAUGHTER

but the king finally becomes jealous of his popularity and tries to kill him, so that he is forced to fly for his life. God is with him, however, and friends and followers rally around him. The prince, too, is faithful and keeps him informed of any plots for his life. Finally, when God's time comes, he is crowned king over the Israelites and is greatly beloved by his people.

Those who have entered the Course are as follows:

Esther Bachmann, age 12, California.
Richard Brownlee, age 13, Shannon City, Iowa.
Leslie Copeland, age 13, Westmount, Can.
Mae Cornwell, age 15, Hawaii.
Margaret Duckers, age 16, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Helen Feasel, age 15, Henrietta, N. Y.
Elizabeth Garber, Elizabethtown, Pa.
Emily Garber, age 13, Elizabethtown, Pa.
Elsie Goldstone, age 16, Hawaii.
Mary Hedrick, age 13, Bristol, Tenn.
Ella Hostetter, age 13, Washington Boro, Pa.
Henry Hostetter, age 16, Washington Boro, Pa.
Laurita Kaai, age 16, Hawaii.
Martha Kahanu, age 15, Hawaii.
Mary Kapu, age 15, Hawaii.
Julia Kauka, age 15, Hawaii.
Naomi Lantz, age 10, Orrville, Ohio.
Chay Kin Lee, age 14, Hawaii.
Ruth Mayberry, age 14, Woodfords, Me.
Alice Momona, age 15, Hawaii.
Arthur Pierson, age 14, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Blanche Ralston, age 14, Hawaii.
Phoebe Richards, age 15, Liberty Hill, S. C.
Virginia Richards, age 15, Liberty Hill, S. C.
Willie Seay, age 11, Braden, Tenn.
Delia Smith, age 13, East Orange, N. J.
Anna Todd, age 13, St. Louis, Mo.
Asayo Tokunaga, age 15, Hawaii.
Esther Vanderveer, age 12, North Branch, N. J.
Katharyn Zimmerman, age 10, Shiremanstown, Pa.
Paul Zimmerman, age 14, Shiremanstown, Pa.
Wilbur Zimmerman, age 12, Shiremanstown, Pa.

THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

MAY, 1919.

Thursday, 1st. *Dwell on high. Isa. xxxiii. 16.*

What is the altitude of your life? A great deal depends upon that. Strength of will cannot overcome the weakening effects of swamp-living. And the evil and sin of low places cannot climb high. There will be temptations even on the mountain top, but there will be strength there for their overcoming which the willful dweller on the low malarial ground will not so easily find.—*Selected.*

Friday, 2nd. *They that wait upon the* LORD *shall renew their strength. Isa. xl. 31.*

Life is a continual drain upon resources. Strength is being constantly sapped. If this is so, means must be found to fill up the reservoir, for intake must compensate for outgo. There is no other way to renew one's strength spiritually than by keeping in the attitude of expectancy before God. It takes time to restock, after the wearying runs and turns, and perhaps overturns of life, the storage battery of the soul. Therefore, "wait upon the LORD," and He will make a new man of you.—*Selected.*

Saturday, 3rd. *Arise therefore, and be doing, and the* LORD *be with thee. 1 Chron. xxii. 16.*

If we go as far as we can in the way of our duty, God will direct and enable us to do that which of ourselves we cannot do.—*Matthew Henry.*

Sunday, 4th. *He is able . . . . to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him. Heb. vii. 25.*

You cannot find any place in Scripture where a man was ever sent forth by God to do work in which he failed. God sent Moses to Egypt to bring three millions of people out of the house of bondage into the promised land. Did he fail? It looked, at first, as if he were going to. If we had been in the court when Pharaoh said to Moses, "Who is the LORD, that I should obey his voice?" and ordered him out of his presence, we might have thought it meant failure. But did it? God sent Elijah to stand before Ahab, and it was a bold thing when he told him there should be neither dew nor rain; but did he not lock up the heavens for three years and six months? Now here is God sending His only beloved Son from the throne down into this world. Do you think He is going to fail? Thanks be to God, He can "save . . . . to the uttermost," and there is not a man who may not find it so, if he is willing to be saved.—*Selected.*

Monday, 5th. *My spirit shall not always strive with man. Gen. vi. 3.*

It is God that speaks in secret promptings. The Spirit will leave you if you refuse obedience: every warning disregarded is a door closed against future progress. If you do not now the good which you can, the time will come when you cannot do the good which you would.—*Frederick H. Hedge.*

Tuesday, 6th. *Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Jas. i. 4.*

Every contradiction of our will, every little ailment, every petty disappointment will, if we take it patiently, become a blessing; it is a touch of our Saviour's Cross, and so, though painful at the moment, is sweet and healthful afterward.—*E. B. Pusey.*

Wednesday, 7th. *He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Ps. cvii. 30.*

The voyage of human life under any other head than Christ, and under any other wind than the wind of His Spirit, is sorrowful beyond all expression. Whatever port is reached, the port of peace, the joyful, eternal home cannot be reached. The vessel in which we are passing over the sea of mortal life is always driven by contrary winds till the Lord embarks. All voyagers who know the pleasantness of

having Christ on board, and the certainty of getting safe to land under Him, pray Him with all their hearts to abide with them.—*J. Pulsford.*

Thursday, 8th. *Able to keep. Jude 24.*

Let no inference from the blessed truth of Christ's ability to keep beguile us into slackness in watching, praying, adoring, reading, thinking, believing in secret. Rather let us all the more practise diligence over the secret means of grace, because of a joyful recognition of the mighty present reality of grace—that is to say, of "God working in us."—*Handley C. G. Moule.*

Friday, 9th. *As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.*

Give me a mind, O Lord, a noble mind,
Matching the spirit of this mighty age;
Humble, receptive, quick the truth to find,
Thundered by guns, proclaimed by seer and sage.

Give me a heart, O Lord, a heart aglow,
Matching the ardor of this glorious day;
Tender, courageous, kind to friend and foe,
Eager to yield to Love's resistless sway.

Give me a hand, O Lord, a hand of might,
Matching the giant task of this great hour;
Skillful and strong to lift, to work, to fight,
Ready to serve to utmost of its power.

A mind, a heart, a hand, O blessed Lord!
Help me to find them through Thy living word.

—*D. Wallace.*

Saturday, 10th. *I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. Phil. iv. 11.*

True contentment depends not upon what we have, but upon what we would have: a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.—*Selected.*

Sunday, 11th. *A narrow place, where was no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left. Num. xxii. 26.*

"A narrow place!" You know that place; you have been there; you will very likely be there again ere long; some of you may be there at this very moment. For it is not merely a defile away somewhere among the mountains to the east of Moab. It is a life passage in individual experience—a time when there is no evading or escaping responsibilities, where we are brought face to face with some inevitable question. Yes or No is the hinge on which everything turns. Shall I yield and dishonor God, or shall I resist and triumph in His might? There is no possible compromise, for compromise with sin is itself the most insidious form of sin. . . . . No man can pass through such a crisis and after it be precisely what he was before. He has met God face to face, and he must be either the better or the worse for that. Either, like Jacob at Peniel, he can say, "My life is preserved," or, like Saul after he had thrown off his allegiance to his God, he has to exclaim, "Jehovah has departed from me, and has become mine enemy."—*William M. Taylor.*

Monday, 12th. *Add to your faith. 2 Pet. i. 5.*

Faith is the very life of the spirit. How shall we maintain it, how increase it? By living it. Faith grows with well-doing. What little faith you have, only live it for one day, and it will be stronger to-morrow.—*Selected.*

Tuesday, 13th. *What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Mark viii. 36.*

Matthew, the publican, quitted the receipt of custom and threw in his lot with poverty. Doubtless his friends, the other men of business, called it a blunder. "He has forfeited his living," they said. Yes, he did forfeit his living; but he gained his life.—*W. R. Huntington.*

Wednesday, 14th. *Overcome evil with good. Rom. xii. 21.*

Leisure misused, an idle hour waiting to be employed, idle hands with no occupation, idle and empty minds with nothing to think of—these are the main temptations to evil. Fill up that empty void, employ those vacant hours, occupy those listless hands; the evil will depart, because it has no place to enter in, because it is conquered by good. The best antidote against evil of all kinds, against the evil thoughts that haunt the soul, against the needless perplexities which distract the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have. Impure thoughts will not stand against pure words and prayers

and deeds. Little doubts will not avail against great certainties. Fix your attention on things above, and then you will be less and less troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles of things on earth.—*Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.*

Thursday, 15th. *Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. Matt. vi. 20.*

We have cast anchor just for a little while beside this island of a world, but we are bound for the continent of Immortality, and since the ship must so soon lift its anchor, since its gleaming sails beckon us now even as a friend's hand toward yonder fair and mystical horizon, let us take on board a cargo which shall be worth something in the country where we are to spend the longest time. Then fix your eyes upon the fadeless vision of immortality; for whoever has that hope or expectation in his soul cannot be balked or daunted.—*Frances E. Willard.*

Friday, 16th. *My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. Job vii. 6.*

Is the time growing short? Give more of it to God. Waste less in dreaming and gossip. Realize that the best dividends here and in the glory land, will come from the work done for Christ. And even then time will beat on. We cannot halt it, nor delay it, and the only thing possible is to fill it up as it flies, with the least thought and work possible for self, and the most possible for the Kingdom.—*Selected.*

Saturday, 17th. *The most High . . . . doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? Dan. iv. 34, 35.*

The will of God will be done; but oh, the unspeakable loss for us if we have missed our opportunity of doing it!—*Bishop Westcott.*

Sunday, 18th. *Behold, I make all things new. Rev. xxi. 5.*

Lord, reconstruct my FAITH!
Lead me afresh to feed it on Thy Word;
Build up its strength on what Thy promise saith;
Slay doubtings with the piercings of Thy sword;
Lord, reconstruct my Faith!

Lord, reconstruct my LOVE!
By Thy blest Spirit show me Christ again,
Crucified! Raised! Throned! Coming from above!
Till my heart's passion can no more refrain;
Lord, reconstruct my Love!

Lord, reconstruct my ZEAL!
Show me a lost world needing to be saved,
And let its sin make to my soul appeal,
Till, to save souls, I loss and change have braved;
Lord, reconstruct my Zeal!

—*William Olney.*

Monday, 19th. *Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Matt. vii. 21.*

Religion may be professed; but Christianity must be lived.—*Selected.*

Tuesday, 20th. *Thus saith the* LORD *of hosts; . . . . Keep my charge. Zech. iii. 7.*

Living as those who have a charge from Christ will be to us a constant safeguard. Sorrow, instead of embittering our hearts, will open in them deeper and sweeter fountains; success will make them watchful; failure, humble; nay, the commonest things will be ministers of good; in them there will be a discipline for our tempers; and from their use we shall obtain the power of applying high principles to little things.—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

Wednesday, 21st. *Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving. Col. iv. 2.*

As the water in the gauge glass and in the boiler always remains at the same level, the water in the one never rising higher than the water in the other, so no man's outer life of activity ever rises above his inner life of prayer. As a man prays, so is he. No man ever becomes a better Christian than he is in his prayer life. No matter how zealous, how busy, how benevolent, how good a name he may have among men as a Christian worker, teacher, preacher, he is no better than he is when he is alone with God in prayer. What he is and does there in secret will appear openly —*Charles A. Cook.*

Thursday, 22nd. *I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. Ps. xci. 15.*

Every heart knows its own bitterness. We are apt to think that young people do not have any trouble, but if they haven't there is one thing they can make sure of, that they are going to have trouble later. "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." Trouble is coming. No one is exempt. God has had one Son without sin, but He has never had one without sorrow. Jesus Christ, our Master, suffered as few men ever suffered, and He died very young. Ours is a path of sorrow and suffering, and it is so sweet to hear the Master say, "I will be with you in trouble."—*D. L. Moody.*

Friday, 23rd. *Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me. Matt. xi. 6.*

John did much for Jesus, but if my heart is any indication of the future, all that John wrought for Jesus in the light will not prove to have honored his Lord so much as the fact that he was willing to stay on in Herod's prison, an unoffended soul, and die an ignominious death. That will probably be his supreme honor. Think of the hearts that have been kept from breaking by the remembrance of that Saviour so near, and so strong, and so true, Who yet left John a prey to Herod's sword! He Who knoweth what true blessedness is, says, "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." Christ will try you, and seek to bring you to this blessedness: be not offended in your Lord.—*Charles G. Moore.*

Saturday, 24th. *Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Matt. vii. 21.*

The confession which Christ will honor in the presence of His Father is not a confession in words but in deeds.—*Selected.*

Sunday, 25th. *Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. Matt. iv. 1.*

Do we not too often attribute to our Heavenly Father the ordering of an event which really only occurs by His permission? There is a marked difference between the two. If the Divine Omniscience sees that a soul is to be blessed and perfected by any temptation, even though it proceed from the devil himself, He surely will not use His infinite power to avert what finite man may call evil. When we have such sweet trust in God as to know that He either orders or permits every trial that we have to meet, it will comfort us in the hardship and help us to endure or overcome, leaning, as we shall be sure to do, upon the Almighty's aid in every conflict, whether great or small.—*F. Burge Griswold.*

Monday, 26th. *What doth the* Lord *require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? Micah vi. 8.*

Your daily duties are as much a part of your religious life as your devotions.—*Selected.*

Tuesday, 27th. *Now is the . . . . time. 2 Cor. vi. 2.*

Make use of time if thou valuest eternity. Yesterday cannot be recalled; to-morrow cannot be assured.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Wednesday, 28th. *Do this now. . . . . Give not sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eyelids. Prov. vi. 3, 4.*

No unwelcome tasks become any the less unwelcome by putting them off until to-morrow. It is only when they are behind us and done that we begin to find that there is a sweetness to be tasted afterwards, and that the remembrance of unwelcome duties unhesitatingly done is welcome and pleasant. Accomplished, they are full of blessing, and there is a smile on their faces as they leave us. Undone, they stand threatening and disturbing our tranquillity, and hindering our communion with God. If there be lying before you any bit of work from which you shrink, go straight up to it and do it at once. The only way to get rid of it is to do it.—*Alexander Maclaren.*

Thursday, 29th. *Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Col. iii. 16.*

Remember your life is to be a singing life. This world is God's grand cathedral for you. You are to be one of God's choristers and there is to be a continual eucharistic sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving going up from your heart, with which God shall be continually well pleased.

And there should be not only the offering of the lips but the surrender of the life with joy. Every faculty of our nature should be presented to Him in gladsome service, for "the LORD JEHOVAH" is our "song" as well as our "strength."—*W. M. Hay Aitken.*

Friday, 30th. *So our eyes wait upon the* LORD *our God. Ps. cxxiii. 2.*

In the moment before the orchestra begins its symphony a light, sharp tap is heard and then you have noticed how every eye turns toward the leader, intent upon him, following each movement of his rod or finger or head. The whole symphony depends upon the closeness of their attention to him. There is a Leader in our symphony. "The eyes of all . . . . are upon" Him. Are you in discord? Are you out of time? "Look unto me," He says. Watch the movement of the pierced Hand, follow Him, and all your life shall be in tune with God and with His universe.—*John Hopkins Denison.*

Saturday, 31st. *That the man of God may be perfect. 2 Tim. iii. 17.*

The building of the perfect man is the noblest work that can go on in the world. It is the very crown of God's creation.—*Selected.*

DEVOTIONAL STUDIES IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A., D. D.

SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

(May 11, Gen. iii. 1-13.)

May 5. Gen. iii. 1-13.
May 6. Gen. iii. 14-24.
May 7. Rom. iii. 9-23.
May 8. Gal. v. 13-21.
May 9. Gal. vi. 1-8.
May 10. Matt. xxv. 31-46.
May 11. Ps. xxxii. 1-11.

This is one of the profoundest chapters in Scripture and in human history. It is the story of the first temptation and sin, but it is also the epitome of universal experience. We have no difficulty in believing that Satan could speak through the serpent. The ventriloquist will suggest how the human voice may be transferred. We all know, also, that the greatest experiences may be focused in our treatment of the smallest incidents. And the close association of our experiences with the rise or fall of a fellow creature for good or evil, will enable us to realize how a blight fell on the whole race through that one sin.

THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST TEMPTATION IS THE HISTORY OF EVERY TEMPTATION. To each of us Satan comes. Often he hides under some familiar and attractive form. He comes in hours of weakness and solitude—to Eve when alone. He fastens on some forbidden delight, put out of our reach by God's wise providential arrangement and prohibition. He commences by questioning the wisdom and love of the Creator. He inserts a query, *"Hath God said?"* He flatly denies that ill consequences will ensue on disobedience. He suggests that immense benefit will accrue if we dare to step across the forbidden line, that, in fact, by doing evil, we shall become as God Himself, knowing good, because we know evil. To throw a slur on God's character, to suggest that we can sin with absolute impunity, to argue that one act of sin may open into a godlike sense of power and wisdom—such is the constant and fatal progress of the entrapping of the soul.

We stand in a vestibule from which doors open into rooms filled with enchantment and delight. We pass from one experience to another with childish rapture. Sweet sounds and fragrant flowers entice and entrance us. Is it not all very good? "Yes," cries the Tempter, "but if only you could enter this door, all your past experience would be outdone." "Ah," we reply, "we must not enter there, that door is absolutely forbidden." "Not go there? Has God forbidden you to pass *that* portal? Then you miss the cream of it all." From that mo-

ment a shadow is cast on our faces. We wonder what lies within the keeping of that chamber. We doubt the wisdom and love of God. We elect to risk the consequence. We turn the handle and take a few steps furtively and questioningly. The first steps are enchanting. Then suddenly the garden fades into a scorching desert. The Tempter leaves us with a mocking laugh. We endeavor to return, but the door is locked against us, never again to be opened for our returning feet.

The History of the First Sin is the History of Every Sin. Rooted to the spot from which it were wise to flee, we dwell on all the advantages to be gained by yielding to the suggestions of the Tempter; and as we stand there, the desire, stimulated by what we see, becomes stronger, the tide of passion rises higher, the voice of conscience becomes weaker, the reason is plied with arguments that appeal to it with overpowering weight, especially now that emotions rather than conscience are in the ascendancy; and finally the will, like a king carried captive by his barons, is forced to sign the abdication. The will consents, the hand is stretched out to wrest for itself the forbidden thing, and in a moment an act is done which can never be undone, but must have permanent consequences, unless they are canceled by Divine interposition.

Then what terrible consequences ensue! We loathe ourselves. We sew together fig leaves of excuses. We dread to think of God. We tempt others to do as we have done. We speak harshly and roughly of the dearest friends we have, and count them to be the sources of our failure. We hide in the thickest wood instead of walking in the eye of day. Conscience makes cowards of us all. We know that we are naked. We can find no covering for our guilty souls. "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance."

The History of God's Dealings with the First Sin is the History of His Dealings with All Sin and Sinners. There are those who cannot find the Father's love on these first pages of Scripture. There is for them only the stern, punitive Judge. But though the sentence is severe and the tone unyielding, we shall find the God of Eden the same Being Who proclaimed His name to Moses as merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, slow to anger and keeping mercy for thousands.

There was love in God's coming to seek the sinner. When the cool evening breeze fanned the fevered world and scattered dews, there had been high converse between God and man. But though, because of his sin, man failed to keep his tryst, still the Lord God came according to His wont. He at least would keep His appointment. The earth may veil herself with clouds, so that no ray of blessed light may penetrate to her bosom, but the sun shines none the less brilliantly. You may evade and shun the mercy seat, but God stays there to bless you on the first moment of your return. To employ the archaic phrase, God comes *"walking* in the garden." In no haste to smite the offender, not riding on the cherub in hot haste, not flying upon the wings of the wind, not with fiery sword unsheathed. He is *"slow* to anger." He also came *seeking,* not waiting for the sinner to discover Him, but looking for and calling to him. We can almost hear that voice lifting itself on the evening breeze, crying *"Where art thou?"* The lost silver piece will never roll back into the owner's purse. The woman must light a candle, sweep the house, and search diligently till she finds it. The shepherds must seek the lost sheep across rushing torrents and on bleak hillsides. It may be that the Almighty Lover is even now close on thy track, and is running thee down! Why not yield to Him at once? But God did not content Himself with seeking; He bemoaned the failure of His human child. Some translate the Hebrew terms thus—"Alas, for thee! Alas!" It was thus that David lamented Absalom—"O my son, ... my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

There was love in extorting the confession. It resembles the washing out of a wound which is essential to a cure. When David kept silent, his bones waxed old with remorse, and God's hand seemed to lie heavily upon him; but when he broke silence at Nathan's parable and cried, "I have sinned"—it was like the lancing of a malignant boil. It was because God knew how indispensable confession was that He

drew forth the entire story. He has no need to acquire information for Himself. All was naked and open to His view; but He asked question after question, because confession is the first stage to restoration. Before the prodigal could sit at the table to feast on the fatted calf, he must say, "I have sinned." Impostors have often traded on the need of the human soul for confession, and have encouraged the penitent to unbosom themselves to the priest. But it avails not. Only one Ear can decipher, one Heart understand, one Voice forgive.

There was love in the awards. To the woman God spoke of enmity, conflict, wounding, but He declared that the ultimate victory should rest with her seed. The underlying thought was that God would identify Himself with her race and guarantee the victory. There would be pain and travail. Sorrow would be the companion of human progress; but out of it would come the rarest joys. *To the man* God spoke of Mother Earth's hard soil, and the difficulty of wringing crops from her wildernesses. In Eden man's life was too easy. His bread was without toil. There was every fear that man would become molluscous and anæmic. It was like the existence of the native in the soft Southern isles. How merciful it was that Adam should be driven from the ready-made garden to create a garden! Outside Eden's gate, we have learned endurance, industry, the joys of creating and transforming. *To man and woman* there was also the promise of the Christ, Who is yet to bruise the serpent's head, and cast him into the bottomless pit. (See Rev. xx. 1, 2.)

Golden Text: *Rom. vi. 23.*

THE GRACE OF GOD.

(May 18, Eph. ii. 4-10; Titus ii. 11-14.)

May 12. Titus ii. 1-15.
May 13. John i. 9-18.
May 14. Eph. ii. 1-10.
May 15. 2 Cor. viii. 1-9.
May 16. 2 Cor. ix. 1-11.
May 17. 2 Cor. vi. 1-10.
May 18. 2 Cor. xii. 1-10.

Grace is the love of God in contact with human sin, poverty, and helplessness. Where there is no hope of repayment, no thought of human assistance, no expectation of merit or desert, there you have the opportunity, which is gladly seized upon by the love of God which is known as *grace*.

This Epistle abounds with references to the wealth and glory of the Divine Nature, especially in regard to God's love. "The glory of his grace" (Eph. i. 6); "the riches of his grace" (Eph. i. 7); "the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints" (Eph. i. 18); "rich in mercy" (Eph. ii. 4); "the riches of his grace" (Eph. ii. 7).

We are familiar with God's prodigality in Nature. Every common hedgerow, every lazy stream, every square foot of midnight sky, set thick with rare jewels, attests the unsearchable wealth of His mind. But as the millionaire has secret stores which he keeps for his children and friends, but which are concealed from the passer-by with his superficial glance, so for those that let Him, God will open stores which eye hath not seen nor the heart of man conceived. There are riches of forgiveness, pitifulness, and mercy of which the chief of saints in Heaven, and the chief of sinners on earth, however heavily they have drawn on them, know comparatively nothing.

God's Love Was Not Daunted by Our Sin (Eph. ii. 5). To adopt Ezekiel's thought (xvi. 3, etc.), in the day that we were born, when we were cast out in the open field, dead in trespasses and sins, and to the abhorring of our person—even then He loved us. His great love was not diverted from our loathsomeness. He knew what we were, and what we would be, and how much pain and sorrow we should cost Him. But He loved us still. He foresaw our failures, and backslidings, and lapses into "the valley of the shadow of death," where the foaming torrent runs. He saw us set on by robbers, stript of all our worth, and left for dead. But He was so rich in mercy that He could afford to be prodigal, and gave to the last extremity of giving, that He might enrich us forever. The only reward He asks is that we should not refuse.

It is a great comfort to know that God loved us when there was nothing to attract His love, and that He will not be surprised by any evil that appears in us. He knew the worst from the first. He did not love us because we were fair, but to make us so. Ah, it is "*great* love wherewith [God] loved us, even when we were dead in sins."

God's Grace Comes to Us through Jesus Christ. It brings us into union with Him, and then blesses us through Him (Eph. i. 3). "He hath quickened us *together with Christ*"; His kindness towards us is *in Christ Jesus;* "we are his workmanship, *created in Christ Jesus.*" We must not think that our Father loves us because our Saviour interposed between us and His wrath. Jesus did not make God love us, and did not even make it easier for God to love us. To think this were heresy, indeed. The love of God was not caused by the Death of Jesus, but caused it. God loved us from all eternity; but before His love could have its blessed way with us, it was needful for Him to satisfy the claims of a violated law, to vindicate His righteousness, and to "be just" as well as "the justifier of him which believeth" (Rom. iii. 26).

But though God's love was not caused by the Death of Jesus, it comes to us through Him. The ocean fullness pours itself through the narrow channel of the Man Christ Jesus. It is by our connection with Him that we were made to live, raised from the grave of our sins, and made to sit with Him in the heavenly places, which is the Apostle's expression for the spiritual power that is found and exercised by the soul when it lives in daily fellowship with the ascended and reigning Lord. There is a reservoir of power in the glory of Christ, of which we may partake if we will.

God's Love has Already Done Great Things for Us (Eph. ii. 5, 6). We were as Lazarus in the grave of sin, dead to any appeal. The beauty of Jesus had no attraction, the love of God elicited no more response than sunshine from a corpse. The silvery bell of mercy and the grating gong of judgment were alike unheard. But God's love stood at the grave, as Jesus did at Lazarus' grave, and at His call our souls came forth, bound hand and foot by grave-clothes. Thank God, we have been loosed from them, and are learning something of the resurrection life; and we often sit with Christ above the turmoil and struggle, wielding through Him spiritual forces and treading beneath our feet all rule, authority, dominion, and power; and especially those hosts of wicked spirits which infest even the heavenly places, but which the Father hath placed under the pierced feet of Jesus. (Cf. Eph. i. 20; vi. 12.) All this is due to the purpose of love, which from eternity purposed this for us in the person of our Lord. (See Eph. i. 4-7.) Our earthly experience is only the elaboration of an eternal purpose; and, indeed, of an eternal fact, which was effected in the purpose of God when Jesus died and was raised from the dead.

"One when He died, One when He rose,
One when He triumphed o'er His foes,
One when in Heaven He took His seat."

If the "together" of the inner experience is maintained, the "together" of power and victory in our daily experience will be maintained.

God's Love to Us Will Be an Object of Devout Study to Multitudes of Unfallen Beings. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation," says the Apostle, "has been revealed," *i.e.*, unveiled. Just as students accompany the physician through the hospital, or as they will crowd the operating theater to admire the skill of the surgeon, and his marvelous manual dexterity, so the glorious beings who occupy the heavenly places watch with profound interest what God is doing in regard to us. Each life presents another specimen of the adaptability of God's grace. Each of us presents a separate problem. A new and fresh blending of color flashes from each of us as from a fresh angle of the prism. So we read in Eph. iii. 10 of the principalities and powers watching the phases of the manifold, *i.e.*, the many-colored wisdom of God. Such, says the Apostle in Eph. ii. 7, will be the study and pastime of coming ages, in which new and ever newer discoveries will be made of God's wisdom and love.

The Faith We Have is the Gift of God's Love. He gives us not only the unsearchable riches of Christ, but the hand to receive them, and the key to the bank that holds them. Your faith is the gift of God. It begins as a grain of mustard seed, but as a tiny door is opened to the first entrance of God's love, the aperture is constantly widened by use till what was a trickling streamlet has swollen to a full river. But the enlarging receptiveness of faith is

also divinely imparted, through the Holy Spirit.

So from First to Last Our Christian Life is Due to God's Workmanship (ver. 10). That word in the Greek is poem. Each Christian's experience is a distinct poem of the mind and heart of God. The meter may differ, the length may differ, the print may be in gold or black ink but each life is a sonnet, a psalm, a poem. God made us for a purpose, which we have to set to music. We were created for certain good works. A path has been prepared beforehand for us to walk in. We may fail to do those good works for which we have been specially created. We may miss that path. If so we "shall be saved; yet so as by fire," but shall lose our reward. Let us beware! Let us also rejoice that we have not to cut and hew our path, but to be led into it.

Golden Text: *Acts xv. 11.*

REPENTANCE.

(May 25, Jonah iii. 1-10.)

May 19. Jonah iii. 1-10.
May 20. Luke xiii. 1-9.
May 21. Isa. i. 10-20.
May 22. Ps. li. 1-17.
May 23. Luke xv. 11-24.
May 24. Luke iii. 1-14.
May 25. Acts xvii. 22-31.

Whenever a sermon or lesson is taken from this Book, the question arises, almost involuntarily, Did the whale actually swallow the prophet? Is this Book historical? And the exquisite lesson of the story is lost, because the mind dwells on this preliminary question. Our Lord's deliberate quotation of this incident, as prefiguring His Resurrection, is probably authoritative for most of us; but its substantial accuracy is still further corroborated by a story quoted in the *Literary Digest* of New York, Vol. XII, No. 3, p. 681, issued April 4, 1896, in which the experience of a sailor, James Bartley, is given and well attested. Our space forbids the details of the whole narrative, but there is no doubt that this man was discovered in the stomach of a great sperm whale, which in a fight with his crew had swallowed him thirty-six hours before. He was unconscious but still living. But even on the hypothesis, advocated by some exegetes, that an unknown writer is really describing in a parable Israel's failure to fulfill her great mission to mankind, and alluding to her captivity under the phrases which describe the entombment of the prophet, there is still much to learn from the reverent study of the present chapter. It clearly indicates that the Hebrew horizon was widening in the great days of Jeroboam II (2 Kings xiv. 25); and that a new care for the heathen world, and a fear lest the heathen should dispossess Israel in the favor of God, were beginning to steal over the minds of the more thoughtful.

The Heart of the Prophet. He was commissioned to leave the Highlands, where he dwelt and go to Nineveh, the metropolis of the world of that time, to cry against it and urge repentance. He at once endeavored to evade the duty, by taking the first ship which left the port of Joppa for the West. Why? Because the way was long? No. Because afraid of the treatment which Nineveh might mete out to him? No. But he gives the real reason in iv. 2. Why did that instinctive feeling that God might forgive divert him from the path of obedience? Because he was a typical Jew, and shared the belief of the chosen people that they stood to Jehovah in a unique position. The Jew could not endure the thought that the heathen might be more susceptible to the Divine entreaty than the chosen nation was. The possibility that the heathen might ingratiate themselves into the favor of Jehovah and dispossess the Jew from the place of exclusive privilege was bitterness itself. Jonah and his people when in this mood played the part of the elder brother, who resented the thought of the Father's welcoming the prodigal to His heart.

The object of this story is clearly to reveal the wideness of God's mercy, and that, though He loved the Jew, He also loved the world. In confirmation of this view, special emphasis is laid on the fact that when the storm threatened to destroy the ship, it was the heathen crew that took to prayer, whilst God's prophet lay wrapt in careless sleep. The traits of character in these heathen sailors are very tenderly delineated. How deferential they were! How they sought to save his life! How they tried every expedient before they cast him into the raging water! How quick

they were to plead with Jehovah on his behalf! There are beautiful traits in these untutored sailors that could not be ignored. Some wild flowers even surpass in beauty the orchids of the hothouse!

When Jonah finally obeyed the Divine summons and began to itinerate in the city, it was with a brazen voice and dry eyes, and a passionless face that he announced its impending doom. There was no desire that Nineveh should heed his voice and repent, but the contrary. When the gourd that sheltered him from the east winds and sun withered, he broke out in lamentation. When he had escaped the storm and the whale, he sacrificed with the voice of thanksgiving; but there was no joy whatever when that great city, which was dear to God, was spared. The plenteous grace of God to these heathen was a sore anguish to his spirit. The only time that he was exceeding glad was when the overshadowing gourd spread its broad leaves between him and the midday sun. Note the sharp contrast!

The Heart of the Heathen. Nineveh stood on the Tigris. Two great mounds strewn with bricks mark its site. It was the marvel of the world. Palaces, barracks, arsenals, temples, magnificent buildings of every kind stood on the sides of the broad, tree-lined streets and promenades. The hanging gardens, resting on pillars, were filled with rare flowers and trees. The city covered nine miles in extent, but its palaces were filled with the plunder of the world. Crowds of slaves from every land composed the vast households of king and noble. One of the prophets compares Nineveh to a lions' den, the floor of which is strewn with the bones of victims. And the cry of the oppressed and outraged went up to Heaven.

When Jonah uttered his warning, it aroused the conscience of the city. Crowds of people followed the prophet, arrested by the appearance of the wild ascetic with masses of unshorn hair upon his shoulders, and the weird Hebrew intonation of his tongue. For many days these scenes were enacted. There were disquieting incidents taking place as contemporary historians indicate, which gave additional poignancy to the message. The news of what was happening in the streets was conveyed by trembling attendants to the king, in his court. He knew well enough that there were abundant reasons for alarm. Only repentance could save them. Rising from his throne he exchanged his royal attire for coarse sackcloth, and sat in ashes. With the concurrence of his nobles he decreed a fast, so solemn and binding that neither man nor beast should eat or drink, but that the whole population, and even the beasts, arrayed in sackcloth, should cry mightily to God. This is repentance. It is a turning from evil, whether it be an evil practice or life course. The military command, Right about face, is the exact equivalent of it. The change is significant of an act of the will, or choice, which has determined to make the change. One would like to make a distinction between repentance and penitence. The former belongs to the will, and generally accompanies the other. Penitence is shown specially in the emotional department of our complex nature. We see the evil of our ways, and are heartily sorry, not because we dread the penalty, but because we realize how grossly we have failed, that we have marred God's plan for our lives, and that the past is irreparable. When the law of God is brought to bear on our conscience, and we see the cost of sin to God, to ourselves, to others, there is wrought in us by the gracious Spirit that godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation, and one that causeth no regret. (See 2 Cor. vii. 10, 11.)

The Heart of God. A traveler in Siberia has recorded his experience on a day when the long winter passed into spring. Towards the end of the protracted reign of the frost king, though the sun rose higher and shone with growing power, the rigor of the winter still held. Finally, one morning in May, the wind blew from the south. Suddenly the snow melted, the streams began to sing, the trees burst into foliage, and the woodlands into flowers. Such a change was suddenly wrought in Nineveh.

Instantly there was a response in the heart of God. He did not repent in the sense of altering His mind and feeling. He is always love and "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." If, however, instead of yielding to His love, men set themselves

against it, they must suffer till they turn. If we row against a strong stream it is arduous; but directly we reverse our boat's head, we find the current all in favor and helpful. God seemed to repent, because Nineveh changed its attitude towards Him.

God loves these great cities, labors for them, watches their growth. He specially notices the child life: as we learn from the reference to the 120,000 who knew not their left hand from their right. The reference to cattle is also very significant, as contrasted to the Eastern hard treatment of the animal creation. Let the tender mercy and long-suffering of God lead us to repentance and faith! (See 2 Peter iii. 9.) Our large cities may owe their continued existence to similar causes.

Golden Text: *Mark i. 15.*

FAITH: WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES.

(June 1, Heb. xi. 1-10; xii. 1, 2.)

May 26. Heb. xi. 1-10.
May 27. Heb. xi. 11-22.
May 28. Heb. xi. 23-40.
May 29. Matt. viii. 5-13.
May 30. Mark ix. 14-26.
May 31. Rom. iii. 20-31.
June 1. Acts xv. 1-11.

Faith has been defined as the conviction that we have of the reality of things which we do not see. It is more than that. It is that our actions are determined by those unseen things. We take them into our calculation and count on them with the certainty and assurance that men of the world have in familiar factors of daily existence.

Faith is the faculty of realizing the unseen. The maxim of human experience is that *Seeing is Believing;* but with the man of faith, *Believing is Seeing.* We are as sure of what is hidden as of what is already before our eyes, because "[God] is, and . . . . he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

Such faith is begotten within us, primarily, by the study of God's Word. It is also greatly stimulated by the mighty acts of the heroes and martyrs of the past. For this reason we should consider with profound interest this wonderful list of exploits contained in Hebrews xi. wrought by men and women like ourselves, to whom God was a living Reality, and who reckoned on His reinforcements that they could not see, with as much confidence as if the shining legions of helpers were deploying within their sight. There is this, also, to be borne in mind, God never fails to answer the appeal of faith. He bore witness to Abel's sacrifice by the fire that consumed it. He bore witness to Enoch's faith by translating him. All these heroes and saints had witness borne to them, though they did not receive the entire fulfilment of the promise (ver. 2, 4, 5, 39; see also Heb. ii. 4).

Faith Greatens Men. Run through the roll call of heroes. We must admit that those whose names are mentioned stand in the first ranks of their race, shining as stars. But their claim to be thus regarded was certainly not natural genius. Enoch, for instance, and his line, being Sethites, may have been inferior to many of the family of Cain, so far as mere intellectual or artistic attainment went. But his faith lifted him out of the ranks of mediocrity to a species of primacy amongst men; and should faith become the master principle of your life and mine, it would similarly enlarge and enrich our whole being.

Faith is Consistent with Very Different Degrees of Knowledge. Abel's idea of the meaning of sacrifice differed widely from David's. Samson's knowledge of God was vastly inferior to that of Moses or David. The world's gray fathers lived in the twilight as compared to the latter days of Christian noontide. But notwithstanding all differences, the same spirit of faith animated them. They knew Whom they had believed, and were persuaded that He was able to do and would do all and more than all He had promised. All of them beheld the gleam of the city beyond the mists of time and reached out their hands with eager longing towards it, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth (ver. 15, 16).

Faith is Possible to all Classes. In this list are women as well as men. Sarah and Rahab, as well as Abraham and Joshua; the widow of Shunem, and the mighty prophet who brought her son back to life; Moses, the student of Egypt's wisdom; Gideon, the husbandman; Isaac, the grazier; Jacob, the shrewd cattle-breeder; Barak, the soldier; David, the shepherd; and Samuel, the prophet. Their occupations and circumstances varied infinitely;

but there was not one of them who did not live under the influence of this master principle. Whatever may be a man's lawful calling, he may abide therein with God, under the influence of faith. Like the fir or pine, faith flourishes in any soil.

Faith can Master Insuperable Difficulties. It is difficult to lead a pilgrim life, and such difficulties would probably be keenly felt by the patriarchs; but what faith did for them it will do for others. It is difficult, amid the cares of business or public office, to keep the heart fresh, devout and young; but it is not impossible to faith, which maintained the spirit of patriotism and devotion in the heart of Joseph, though sorely tempted to sink into an Egyptian grandee. It is difficult to face the loss of all things, and the displeasure of the great; but Moses did both under the spell of faith in the unseen.

There are many difficulties before us all. Stormy seas forbid our passage; frowning fortifications bar our progress; mighty kingdoms defy our power; lions roar against us; fire lights its flaming barricade in our path; the sword, the armies of the alien, mockings, scourgings, bonds and imprisonment—all these menace our peace, darken our horizon, and try on us their power; but faith has conquered all these before, and it shall do as much again.

Faith is the Inspiration and Power of our Daily Life. When, in his Egyptian campaign, Napoleon was leading his troops through the neighborhood of the pyramids, he pointed to those hoary remnants of a great antiquity, and said, "Soldiers, forty centuries look down on you." Similarly there have been summoned before our thought the good and great, the martyrs, confessors, prophets and kings of the past. We have been led through the corridors of the Divine mausoleum, and bidden to read the names and epitaphs of those of whom God was not ashamed. We have felt our faith grow stronger as we read and pondered the inspiring record; and now, by a single touch, these saintly souls are depicted as having passed from the arena into the crowded tiers, from which to observe the course which we are treading to-day. They were witnesses to the necessity, nature and power of faith. They are witnesses also of our lives and struggles, our victories and defeats, our past and present.

One of the finest pictures in the world is that of the Madonna de San Sisto at Dresden, which depicts the Infant Saviour in the arms of His mother, surrounded by clouds, which attracted no special notice until lately; but when the accumulated dust of centuries was removed, they were found to be composed of myriads of angel faces. Surely this is the thought of the inspired writer when he speaks of "so great a cloud of witnesses." In some of the more spacious amphitheaters of olden times, the spectators rose in tier above tier to the number of forty or fifty thousand; and to the thought of the combatant as he looked around on this multitude of human faces, set in varied and gorgeous coloring, these vast congregations of his race must have appeared like clouds, composed of infinitesimal units, but all making up one mighty aggregate, and bathed in such hues as are cast on the clouds at sunrise or sunset by the level sun. If these Hebrew Christians were faltering, and inclined to relinquish their earnestness, they would have been strangely stirred and quickened by the thought that they were living under the close inspection of the spirits of the mighty dead. To us, also, the same exhortation applies.

Let us run! Life is earnest (Phil. iii. 12). *Let us run free of weights!* There are *weights* which are not *sins*. Is there anything in your life which disinclines you to prayer and Bible study, that produces in your best moments uneasiness and disturbance, that others permit, but your inner consciousness condemns? It is a weight! Put it aside! *Let us specially lay aside besetting sin.*

Faith was the Secret of our Lord's Life. He emptied Himself for a time of His intrinsic power as Son of God, that He might depend on the Father as He did. (See Mark xi. 22; John vi. 57.) Note here also He is described as being the Prince or Captain, and the Finisher of faith, as though, from the beginning to the end of His life, He was content to receive from the Father all those reinforcements which His daily ministry required.

Golden Text: *John xiv. 1.*

ILLUSTRATIVE HINTS AND HELPS.

Ida Q. Moulton.

2 Timothy iv. 10; 1 John ii. 15 to 17.

A Scottish shepherd was once asked if his sheep would follow the voice of a stranger and he replied: "Yes, when they are sick, but never when they are well. A sick sheep will follow anybody." Materialism seriously affects both hearing and sight, causing a disease peculiar to "faddists" who, at a slight disruption in their lives, become dissatisfied with God's arrangement of the universe.

* * * * *

The lure of false ambition is crowded with worldly temptations to sin.

"How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules unreined ambition!
Let it but once play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever.
Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns the heart to ashes.
Ambition, *only*, gives
Even of bitterness a beaker full."

* * * * *

It is said that when Thomas A. Edison looked upon the ashes of the great fire that destroyed nearly seven million dollars' worth of laboratories and material which were not insured, he remarked, "I took a gambler's chance." Every soul who lets the good become the enemy of the best takes a gambler's chance. In freeing ourselves from the world's allurements we must draw a line not only between the good and the bad, but between the good and the best; and always of two good things choose the better.

* * * * *

A half-witted man living in Scotland appeared on the village streets with the front of his coat covered with patches of all sizes and colors. In the back of the coat was a small patch no larger than a dime. When asked to explain, he said the front patches were the sins of his neighbors and he had a story of shame for each, then with a haughty lift of his head he said, "The patch upon my back is my own sin, and I canna see it." The lure of the mote in our brother's eye, when the beam fills our own, is fascinating to many whole-witted people, and what in the world is more harmful than the "crimes of the tongue"?

* * * * *

A factory girl wrote her pastor as follows: "I find no more satisfaction in my religion. God appears to me now to be cruel and unjust, and I cannot see anything good in the way He manages the world." This girl was surrounded by a worldly system of industry which had turned her world dark, and she was measuring God and His attributes in that darkness. But she is not the only one whom the world's standards have led into darkness. The only way to escape the sight of "the corruption that is in the world" is to keep our eyes resolutely turned away from the systems of men which have not God with them, remembering that such systems and such men live only "for a season," while God is unchangeable and liveth forever more.

Psalm cxix. 1 to 8, 33 to 40.

Spurgeon tells the story of a man in his prayer meeting who could not get on well with his prayer. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Lord, I cannot put words together tonight. Lord, take the meaning, take the meaning!" The Lord is our Teacher, the Lord is our Lesson, and none but He knows the meaning of our hearts. He never asks us to excel others in scholarship, but to do the best we can with the lesson at hand. He ranks according to purposes, not brains. And the meaning of the "dullard" may be quite as brilliant as that of the "brainy" man by his side.

* * * * *

A missionary in the West tells of a young man who came to get him to officiate at his brother's funeral. "Let me see," said the missionary, "your brother was thirty-two years old?" "Yes." "He worked hard for twenty years, didn't he?" "Yes." "Well, what did he get out of it?"

"He left eighty acres of fine land, money in the bank, and $3000 in insurance." "Yes, that's what *you* get out of it; but what did *he* get out of it?" "We are going to get him a $115 oak casket." If at last our lives are represented by material things including high-priced oak caskets, we have not missed one of life's lessons only, but many.

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Christ has many assistant teachers. Some come to one fireside, some to another. But none can teach unruly, willful, disobedient children. Obedience is at the root of all life's lessons. At a battle, a general ordered his men to charge with the cavalry. "It is just the same, General," said the captain, "as if you had said, 'You must be killed.' But I will do it, sir." To get all there is in some of life's lessons we, too, must be ready to ride to our death. So many of us get miserably low ranks because convenience controls our obedience.

* * * * *

One of the hardest lessons in life is learning how to dispose of our worries. Listen to the testimony of one hard-working woman:

"I've got the habit of having all my worries at one time. In the morning, I do the breakfast dishes before anybody drops in; and if there is anything bothering me I attend to it then. You select a few minutes in the morning when you are fresh, and do up your worries for the day, and then drop them, and you will find it is the easiest thing in the world to keep cheerful the rest of the time and be ready to attend to other folks' troubles."

* * * * *

An umbrella mender sat on a doorstep tinkering away on an old umbrella. "You seem extra careful of that old umbrella," said a man who was passing by. "Yes," said he, working without looking up, "I try to do good work." "Your customers would not know the difference until you were gone," suggested the other. "No, I suppose not." "Do you ever expect to come back?" "No." "Then why are you so particular?" "So that it will be easier for the next fellow who comes along," he answered simply. "If I put on shoddy cloth or do bad work, they will find it out in a few weeks, and the next mender who comes along will get the cold shoulder or the bulldog—see?" If we have not learned how to ease up the work of others by our own thorough work we have missed one of life's chief lessons.

1 Kings viii. 54 to 61; 2 Peter i. 1 to 4.

A missionary tells the story of his unavailing efforts to get a bell which had accidentally fallen overboard and sunk in the river's mud. At last a native priest said he would get the bell if he could have it for his temple. Then he and the natives gathered thousands of bamboo rods (which are hard to keep from floating on water) and placing one rod at a time in the hands of his assistants commanded them to dive and fasten the rod to the bell. As the rods accumulated around the bell, it began to move upward, and at last came to the surface. God's precious promises are life's bamboo rods. When fastened to the soul, they will pull us from the blackest despair up through the deepest doubt, into the restful safety of Christ's loving arms.

* * * * *

"'The way is dark, my Father, dark and drear;
My feet are weary and my soul oppressed;
I faint beneath the burden that I bear.'
'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.'

"'I fain would come; but oft my wandering feet
Turn from the narrow path that leads to Thee;
For blinding are the storms that round me beat.'
'As thy day is, even so thy strength shall be.

"'So chill the wind, so barren is the soil,
So weary am I that I fain would cease
From scattering seed. It seems a fruitless toil.'
'Plant thou, and water. God shall give increase.'

"'Appalling shadows gather round my way;
Lost in the darkness of a starless night,
Perplexed, bewildered, I may go astray.'
'The Lord shall be thine everlasting Light.'

"'Foes press me round. My heart is filled with dread
And earthly terror, as my way I wend;
Must I alone this fearful pathway tread?'
'Lo, I am with you alway to the end.'"

* * * * *

When the Sultan of Turkey decreed in 1839 that not a representative of the Chris-

tian religion should remain in the Empire, Dr. Goodell, an American missionary in Turkey, went to his colleague, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, president of Robert College, Constantinople, and said:

"It is all over with us; we have to leave. The American consul and the British ambassador say it is no use to meet this violent and vindictive monarch with antagonism."

To this Dr. Hamlin replied:

"The Sultan of the universe, can, in answer to prayer, change the decree of the Sultan of Turkey. Let us kneel right here and now, you and I, and claim God's promises."

Accordingly they knelt, and repeated and claimed the promises for the situation. The next day the Sultan died, and the decree was never executed.

* * * * *

A friend said to a woman evangelist who had been working many years:

"It is easy for *you* to keep up faith and courage. But it is the little everyday annoyances of a home-maker's life that sap vitality, and we do not have the inspiration of touch with many people that your work gives you."

Soon afterwards this evangelist was shut in her home under very trying circumstances, and this, in part, is what she wrote her friend:

"I have had an opportunity that I have never had before to test many of God's promises, *and I find them sufficient.* I know now that Jesus will keep a nurse and housekeeper as surely and sweetly as He does an evangelist. I still find Him a 'well of water springing up' in the heart to overflowing praise."

God's promises embrace all needs and cover all conditions. Should very trying circumstances come to us and all seem lost, why, Christ Himself is still left to us.

Psalm xxxiii. 1 to 11; John iv. 19 to 26.

A farmer once wrote to an editor:

"Dear Sir: I have been trying an experiment. I have a field of corn which I plowed on Sunday. I planted it on Sunday. I cultivated it on Sunday. I cut it and hauled it to the barn on Sunday. And I find that I have more corn to the acre than has been gathered by any of my neighbors this October."

Imagine the surprise of the farmer to see in the next issue of the paper his letter in full, with these words at the end, "God does not make full settlement in October." Imagine our plight if God meted out to us our own just deserts of lack of reverence for Him and His Holy Day! Then let us upon bended knee, with faces in the dust, *thank* Him for His long-suffering and patience with us.

* * * * *

A Christian worker visiting in a house of distinction was ushered into a room of elegance, where the blinds were all drawn. As he was about to sit down he overheard a maid say to the footman: "Don't open the blinds. The room has not been dusted." Are there not some Christians who will not open the blinds of Sunday worship for fear of what its heavenly light will reveal?

* * * * *

Isaiah lviii. 13, 14.

"What says the prophet? Let that day be blest
With holiness and consecrated rest.
Pastime and business both it should exclude,
And bar the door the moment they intrude.
Nobly distinguished above all the six
By deeds in which the world must never mix.
Hear him again. He calls it a 'delight,'
A day of luxury, observed aright,
When the glad soul is made heaven's welcome guest,
Sits languishing, and God prepares the feast."

* * * * *

The story is told of a man who had worked for a railway company for some time and whose bad deportment brought him many a reprimand, until finally he was discharged. He then spent much time thinking how he could take revenge without endangering human lives. At last it occurred to him that no locomotive could work any length of time if the water in the boiler contained soap. So he contrived to put a number of pieces of soap in one of the tanks from which the express took water. The soap dissolved, making the water fatty. The very next locomotive taking water from that tank soon after slowed down and finally stopped because steam could not be produced from the soapy water. Like the soap in the water of an engine boiler is irreverence in the heart of a Christian.

BIBLE NOTES FOR DAILY DEVOTIONS.

MAY, 1919.

Thursday, 1st. John vi. 1-14.

Ver. 12. This is one of the passages on which the Revised Version throws considerable light. It corrects the general impression that the Apostles were bidden to gather up the fragments which the multitudes had left in the places where they had been sitting. The translation, "Gather up the broken pieces which remain over," helps us to picture the Apostles carefully gathering the superabundant provision their Lord had made, and of which the satisfied multitudes could not make use. They were pieces which the Lord Himself had blessed and broken, and which lay at His feet, an evidence of His bounty. This interpretation of the command suggests more than the mere duty of thrift and careful avoidance of waste.

In order the better to grasp the significance of the command, it is necessary to recall a few matters connected with the miracle of the feeding of the multitude which gave it point. When our Lord and His disciples had first come in sight of the great company of people, He had inquired of Philip, who was a native of the district, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" When we place side by side the four accounts we have of this miracle, it seems as though the rough calculation of "two hundred pennyworth of bread" that Philip had made when Jesus first consulted him had been a subject of discussion amongst the Twelve during the day. No sooner had Jesus given the command, "Give ye them to eat," than they say to Him, "Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread?" This was an amount altogether beyond their means, and their question was evidently intended to prove to their Master the impossibility of fulfilling His command. The Master gently rebukes such calculations, and bids His disciples turn their eyes from the multitudes to take stock of their own resources. He does not send them to buy what they cannot provide the money to pay for; He only asks them to bring to Him what they know they possess. Possibly they imagine that when their Lord knew the poverty of their provision He would relieve them of the responsibility of obedience to His, as they regarded it, impossible command. At least, they appear to have come and only told Him the amount of their resources, and He had to send them again to bring them to Him. When their meager gifts are in the hand of the Christ we get the solution of the problem; for "Five barley loaves, and two small fishes" in His hands can do more than "two hundred pennyworth of bread," even if that amount could have been purchased. When will the Church fully entrust her Lord with all the resources she possesses, and cease to calculate that she requires at least "two hundred pennyworth of bread" before she can attempt to satisfy the needs of a hungering world?—*Selected.*

Friday, 2nd. John vi. 15-27.

Ver. 24. These words sound like a snatch of a poem; they almost sing. *"Seeking for Jesus"*—on the very smallest invitation they would fall into joyful, ennobling music. As originally applied, they are small enough, and limited enough, but they are so beautiful that they cannot be shut down to small measures and applications. We know right words when we hear them; "there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." We know whether a song has fallen from some poor tree or from some open window in heaven; the song awakens all in us that is Divine, and all in us that is kindred to itself. There is common prayer, there is common song; there is worship that belongs to every kindred and people and tongue under the whole heaven.

The other words that are beautiful in this twenty-fourth verse are *"Jesus was not there."* Then who was there? Nobody; it was a kind of gathering place of emptiness; the little crowd that was there needed centralization, uplifting into Divine form and Divine meaning. How one soul makes a place, while the absence of that soul destroys the Temple without any promise of its being rebuilt!

When the people saw that "Jesus was not there" they turned their backs, and said, "It was for Jesus we came, we are seeking Jesus; we will take the first boat, the first train, the first opening, and be off." I would apply the same test to every social institution. They have made a number of little institutions outside the Church, institutions that have no reference whatever to the inner sanctuary. They are going in various ways to convert the world to their opinions, they are going to reconstruct society, they are going to play with time, rearranging and distributing its twenty-four hours. They never mention the name of Jesus; then they will never succeed.

I would apply the same test to the Church. I am not to be taken in by names;

I go farther than the label, I want to know the contents, and who has analyzed them, who has compounded them, who is responsible for them; and if I do not find Jesus there, I leave the Church, though it be big as a mountain and radiant with merely phosphorescent splendor. If Jesus is not in the sermon, leave the preacher, and at the door cry, Shame! The sermon exists for Jesus, not Jesus for the sermon; the sermon is nothing if it be not filled from end to end, through and through, and even to "Finally" with the spirit and with the love of Jesus.—*Joseph Parker.*

Saturday, 3rd. John vi. 28-65.

Ver. 35. Christ's declaration surprises us at first sight with its assumption of universal hunger. He, as it were, takes it for granted that all men are hungry, and on this postulate announces Himself as the One Who can meet their needs. Now this fact of hunger does not need to be proven, for everyone is conscious of its truth and force in himself. It often needs, however, to be interpreted, and this Christ is ever doing. He is constantly seeking to interpret to men the longings of their souls, which are explicable only in the light of His loving interest. Hunger for the highest, for the best and truest life, is itself a sign of saving relationship with God. The man who has no hunger and is conscious of no needs has neither knowledge of himself nor of God. And Christ announces Himself to all who are conscious of it as "the bread of life," the complement of all need, in Whom alone are all these things found for which we variously hunger. Love, peace, security, progress, are all secured and assured to us only in Christ, and to follow them apart from Him is to chase a mere will-o'-the-wisp.

It is significant that throughout Christ's ministry He uses ordinary things—things whose meaning is easily understood—in order to convey the deepest truths concerning Himself. Everybody knows what bread is. Its nature and its taste, as well as our common use of it, are known to all; and it is surely characteristic of Christ that He should seek to reveal Himself in terms easily and commonly apprehensible. He says in effect, "Just as you cannot live without bread, so you cannot truly live without Me."

In this homely figure Christ makes exceedingly plain also the method by which He is to be apprehended. As a man eats bread so that its powers of nourishment and constituents of strength become part of his physical frame, so does Christ communicate Himself to the one who receives Him into heart and life by constant appropriation of faith. It just means that He imparts His life unto us, and incorporates His strength with the soul who will receive Him. The man who eats of "the bread of life" is the one who testifies that "Christ liveth in me." But let it not be forgotten that, simple though these words sound in which He declares Himself to be "the bread of life," the cost by which His gratuitous offer is made to men can never be calculated. For the grain must be cut down, ground between millstones, and subjected to the burning of fire before it can be made bread for the hungry. And His sufferings we can but dimly understand by such illustration. He is not nor could be "the bread of life," apart from the Garden, the Cross, and the Tomb.—*J. Stuart Holden.*

Sunday, 4th. John vi. 66-71.

Ver. 68. "To whom shall we go?" The discourse is upon Alternatives. "Who is the other man? What is the other book? If we turn our backs upon Thee, Thou Son of God, where is the life?" Always ask for alternatives; always ask for a constructive side of things. There are many men who can find fault; few who can build. Better build a wall than destroy a faith. Stick to this one question, and you will come out all right: "Lord, to whom shall we go?"

We might live the *animal life:* we might be so many animals. Perhaps you instantaneously say you could not for a moment consider the alternative of mere animalism? Do not be in a great hurry about this. "Animal" is really a word which signifies a living thing; there is no baseness or foulness about the word animal. We ourselves are partly animal. But by "the animal life" is in this connection meant some low, base, vicious form of life, the trough life, the flesh life. "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." Will you consent to unman and dehumanize yourselves so far as to be mere animals?

Well, what say you to the next alternative? "We might live the *careless life;* that is to say, let other people think about the spiritual and superstitious things, but we keep on solid ground, and take a little enjoyment where we can get it: go out to suppers and dances and come home drunk." No, my mother forbids it, all my training goes against it, all my early impulses vote on the other side. What *is* the careless life? It is the life that is without thought or purpose.

No. I want a religion that takes the best out of all alternatives and adds something of its own to them, and leads me into higher heights and diviner raptures of thought and imagination. Christ makes us a great offer to-day. He throws upon us the responsibility of declining it. Peter's reason for coming to Christ is sufficient and rational, "Thou hast the words of eternal life." The man who has the words is the wise man. Things perish; the Word, the Logos, remains. "Man shall not live by

bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."—*Joseph Parker.*

Monday, 5th. John vii.

Ver. 46. There are at least two characteristics which at once suggest themselves in the style of Christ's teaching—the words of Jesus are simple and pictorial. And this is as it should be if His Gospel be for the people without distinction. To clothe great thoughts and revelations of transcendental truths—the "heavenly things" as Jesus named them—in simple words, is at once the pinch and power of the pulpit. You will have observed Christ's fondness for pictures, tropes, and figures. But the moral benefit of this peculiarity of style must not be overlooked. It is grimly hinted at in the sibylline words "that seeing they may see, and not perceive"—words themselves fashioned after the manner of the parables in which light and shade compete for the mastery.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the spirit of Christ's teaching, for as He claims that His words are the Father's, it is necessary that the Spirit of God should breathe through them. "My teaching is not mine, but his that sent me" (John vii. 16). If we start from the doctrine that "the Word was God," we feel no surprise at such sayings as "the Word was . . . . full of grace and truth," and endued with measureless supply of the Spirit of God; we expect that He shall speak of His own intuitively, out of a conscious fullness of life, love and power. Let us then see how far this expectation is warranted and realized by an inquiry into the various modes in which the Spirit of God manifests itself in our Lord's words. (1) The first is sympathy. 'Tis His sympathy that gives Jesus His unique and marvelous power over souls. (2) Another characteristic is His tenderness, described by Faber in one of his hymns, "huge tenderness." Whether He is our Shepherd, Saviour, Father, or Friend, this one indispensable quality endears Him to us. (3) Consider next His earnestness of spirit. The nature and worth of the work on hand may and do account for this trait; the work is salvation to be accomplished for man, in man, and through man. (4) But to crown all, His spirit betrays marvelous hopefulness, amounting even to optimism both in word and deed.

The matter of the Saviour's speech will lead us to the verdict of the officers sent to take Him, "Never man spake like this man." (1) His speech is, above all, original. In a word, God speaks when Christ speaks. (2) There is, too, a tone of authority in all He says. Jesus was more than the Reformer of an obsolete religion. He was the Founder of the eternal religion of humanity. (3) I need hardly dwell on its suitableness for all time. The fact remains to this hour that there is not a human need for which there is not a Divine remedy. (4) Lastly, He speaks directly to the conscience—and "Never man spake like this man."—*J. B. Meharry.*

Tuesday, 6th. John viii. 1-20.

Ver. 12. We can almost imagine the scene which suggested these words, or at least helped to give them their significance. Christ had come to the Temple in the early morning, just before sunrise. As He waited and taught, the sun arose. Quickly the splendor of the morning spread over earth and sky. And as the Saviour watched this transformation scene He lifted Himself up, and looked in the faces of those who were questioning Him, and spoke this memorable word, "I am the light of the world."

It was a magnificent word, a stupendous word. There are only two possible conclusions to which we can come concerning such words as these. They are either the wildest words of audacity and self-deluded egotism that human lips ever uttered, or they are the language of One Who was set far above all human criticism and judgment by His real and unmistakable Divinity. No wonder that the men who listened to Him were either filled with indignation or inspired with reverential awe. And no middle course has ever been possible for long. We have ever to make our choice, and most of us have made it to our heart's rest and joy.

Jesus declares here that He *Himself* is the Light. And that is the truth or fact which has always impressed the world and stamped itself on the hearts of believers. It is not so much His words, His moral teachings, His matchless sayings, that have thrown light upon the world's darkness and illumined the obscure path which man treads, but His person and all He was and did and suffered. Life is illumined throughout in the glory of the Incarnation.

Is He not now as He always was the Light and Life of men? And what sure hope can the world have concerning its future, save in the light of promise which shines from Him? We dare not cast the horoscope of the future unless we see His shining beyond.

And He is to us, indeed, the only clear Light of Life. For apart from Him everything that is most precious in life, everything that makes up the heart's chief treasures and possessions, is doubtful, uncertain, obscure; nay, as the dusky, baseless fabric of a dream. The light which streams from Him is all-pervading in our lives. It gives another and higher meaning to every labor and duty; it breaks like sunlight upon every dark night of life and makes sudden morning.—*J. G. Greenhough.*

Wednesday, 7th. John viii. 21-32.

Ver. 31, 32. Our Lord Jesus Christ continually appealed to men as individuals, one by one. He "knew what was in man"; He met man face to face, and claimed him for His own. It is quite true, and it must never be forgotten, or we lose a very great deal of what He designed for us, that He provided, for those who should follow Him, the Divine home and shelter of the Church, that He made the perfection of the Christian character attainable only in the corporate and living union of the Brotherhood which is His body, the union, part by part, with Himself. It is quite true that to His Spirit, through the teaching of His Apostles and Saints, we owe the perfected ideal of citizenship, the grandest thing the world can ever know, transmuting the idea of world empire into the richer truth of "all the body fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth, according to the working in due measure of each several part, maketh the increase of the body unto the building up of itself in love." But there is no contradiction between this and the ideal of true individuality; and Christ constantly, in all His teaching, through all His life on earth, up to the end—even on the Cross itself—appealed to each man as free and unique, inestimably precious in himself. He loved His own individually, and so He loved them unto the end.

And as He loved, He appealed to them by, and He taught them to value, the imperishable gift of individual freedom, and with that the inalienable sacredness of every human soul. "All things are your's"; Christ's religion is a religion of light; there is nothing He has which He would keep back from you. He sets it all before us; He calls us each, one by one, to come forward and take it, to see with our own eyes, handle with our own hands, the priceless treasures of truth. So He urged, again and again, with insistent earnestness and unhesitating certainty, that we must be bold, and original, and genuine; that we must seek truth with undivided wills, and righteousness with a true hunger and thirst. It is only those who thus seek that will be rewarded; it is only they who can attain. The divided will, the half-hearted search—these are doomed to inevitable failure. Man can only reach his true freedom if he seeks it with his whole heart, if his model is the supreme honesty, even to the Death, of Christ the Son of God. "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—*W. H. Hutton.*

Thursday, 8th. John viii. 33-47.

Ver. 34, 36 (R. V.). The Jews felt acutely their sad political state; they writhed under foreign dominion, and again and again broke out into rebellion, seeking an external freedom by casting off the hated Roman yoke. Yet the essential slavery is interior; political coercion may imprison the body or intellectual error degrade the mind, but the most abject and fatal bondage by far is that of the soul under the dominion of ignorance, passion, and willfulness. Let us attempt to show the real nature of this deeper tyranny, and how the truth and grace of Jesus Christ give the captive soul sweet relief.

The Bondage of the Mind. This is one source and method of the essential slavery, the bondage of the mind being the tyranny of materialism. The love that never finds an object, the genius that never finds a sphere, and the greatness that never finds a mission, suggest a pathos beyond that of martyrdom; but life that fails to find God is the most terrible experience of all. We must be governed from above or from below, and according to the rule to which we submit ourselves are we free or enslaved. Christ emancipates us from the thraldom of materialism by opening our eyes to the spiritual universe, harmonizing us with its law and filling us with its power.

The Bondage of the Will. All see what an awful tyranny sin is when it has once become the habit of life. It is this bitter consciousness of an ignoble compulsion that spoils human life even when it abounds most in the elements of happiness. Christ ensures freedom by delivering men from the deceits and passions which betray and stultify the will. This is true liberty—to will the good; so to will that we may do it, and to do it with such sympathy and mastery that we find our heaven in the doing of it; and with this freedom Christ makes His people free.

The Bondage of the Conscience. The commission of sin defiles the conscience, and conscience degrades us into convicts and cowards. At the bottom of all our pessimism, abjectness, and hopelessness is the consciousness of sin and guilt. By imparting the sense of forgiveness and purifying the conscience from its stains, does Christ first break the fetters of the soul. Instead of looking for the fundamental, final freedom in more propitious circumstance, let us expect it from within in the deeper regeneration of the soul itself. Then all life shall be worked out in love and power.—*W. L. Watkinson.*

Friday, 9th. John viii. 48-59.

Ver. 57. The story of Jesus is the story of a young Man's life. He Who changed the entire course of history and revolutionized the world died when He was not yet fifty years old. "Thou art not yet fifty years old," said these scoffing and incredulous Jews, and that—speaking from the

purely human point of view—was the tragedy of it.

Christ died young. He was only some thirty-two or thirty-three years of age when they nailed Him to the cruel tree. Now the death of the young always comes upon us with a shock and a jar. We resent it. We are grieved by it. It offends our sense of the fitness of things. Death in our minds is associated with ideas of decay. It is the weak and the decrepit and the old who are the fit subjects for death. "The days of our years are three score years and ten," and if death comes before, we feel in a certain way robbed and defrauded of what is our rightful due. "Above all," says Bacon in his essays, "believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc Dimittis,* when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations." Yes, when a man has lived his life, and obtained his desires, and filled out his days, he can say with Simeon: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word." In such a case death loses all its repulsiveness and becomes kindly, genial, gracious. But Death is grim and terrible when he takes the young for his prey. We feel that Death has no business with youth. "Take me not away in the midst of my days," cries the Psalmist. And that from the human point of view was the tragedy of our Lord's end. He was cut off before His prime; He was not yet fifty years old! Yes, from the purely human standpoint it seemed a terrible mistake, tragedy pure and simple, that Jesus should die so young. And yet there was no mistake about it. He died when He was not yet fifty years old, but there was nothing premature or untimely about His dying. This brief life, this life that only reached the threshold of manhood, was the only full, rounded and perfect life the world has ever known. This Man Who was not yet fifty years old, Who died when so young, looking back, was able to say, "It is finished."

There is never anything premature or untimely about the death of a Christian. We allow ourselves to think so and sometimes to say so, because to our poor mortal intelligence it looks as if they were taken away in the midst of their usefulness. But the words "premature" and "untimely" ought really to have no place in the Christian man's vocabulary. To use them is to forget that it is in God's hands our breath is. He orders our path and our lying down, and He doeth all things well. It is also to forget that men serve Him Yonder as well as here.—*J. D. Jones.*

Saturday, 10th. John ix. 1-34.

Ver. 1. "From his birth." This applies to all talents. It is said, we brought nothing into this world. We know the rough outward sense in which these words are perfectly true; and yet we brought everything with us, we brought the germ, the plasm of everything we are and have. That would be the deeper meaning of the words. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out. Only in their external and passing sense are these words true. We also could say, we brought everything we have into this world, and we carry out of this world everything we have made of it according to the grace and providence of God or our own misbehavior. The reference in the first literal sense of the term is to mere clothing. But really and truly we were clothed, not by the clothier, but by God. We accept the resurrection in the very death. Let me repeat, this applies to all talents. The painter was born a painter, the preacher was a preacher before he fully looked his mother in the face, he began before he slept in the cradle. We are all, as to our members, faculties, destinies, written in the book of God away ages and centuries before arithmetic mumbled her poor figures. In proportion as we realize this thought we become strong men, so strong as to be tranquil, so strong as to live outside the line of panic. If we realized that we are what we are from birth, we should begin to pray, we should begin to know the joy and the music of thankfulness; we should get rid of all envy and murmuring and discontent. If you made yourself, well, you are entitled to complain because some man had more skill in making himself than you had; you may jostle him, and sneer at him, and disparage him; but if God made you, if you are part of a great scheme of things, if individuality is to be wrought up into multitudinousness and harmony, then let us be quiet and accept God's destiny. Repose upon the great doctrine of Divine election and call. God sends no man into the world without something to begin with. The talents were distributed in eternity; we open our eyes to read in the blue heavens our destiny. If you were not born to be a great merchant, accept the position into which you can throw your energies, and be as great as you can within your own limitations.—*Joseph Parker.*

Sunday, 11th. John ix. 35-41.

Ver. 37. We have in our Lord's interview with this sturdy blind man, a very remarkable exception to His usual methods. Generally, He was Himself reticent about His Messiahship, and enjoined silence concerning it on those who believed it. Here He devotes Himself to bringing this man up to the confession that He is the Christ, and makes to him one of the only two articulate utterances claiming Messiahship which fell from His lips, in addition to those confided to the immediate circle of His disciples.

We see here the kind of people to whom Christ delights to make frank revelations of Himself. Take this man before us as an illustration. (1) He is sturdy, absolutely sincere, not to be cajoled, or browbeaten, or tempted, or coaxed into saying a single word beyond what he knew, but standing firmly on his own two feet, on the solid basis of experienced fact, and refusing to be tempted one hair's breadth beyond that. (2) Note again, how this man was faithful to the growing light as it dawned upon him. He passed through three stages in his notions about Jesus Christ. "A man . . . . called Jesus"—"a prophet"—one "from God"—on these convictions he stands, and nothing will shake him.

The lesson from these facts is that, if we want Christ to be on frank, confidential terms with us, we must hold faithfully by whatsoever we already see to be the will and the message of God, and we must be lovingly prepared to accept whatever Jesus Christ says, whether it confirms or contradicts our present prejudices or opinions, and to "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

How does Christ show Himself to such people? (1) "Thou hast . . . . *seen* him." He gave you the eyes to see; now He has given you the Christ to look at. He gives us eyes to see, and He gives us Himself to behold. (2) Further, "Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee." The word that is used here in the original conveys not only the idea of speech, but of familiar, frank conversation, such as two friends might have one with the other. Christ has not fallen dumb, He is still the Incarnate Word, and His very life's energy, so to speak, is to impart Himself.

Note the glad certitude and deepened faith that result from Christ's speech and the sight of Him. Get, as we all may if we like, that first-hand familiarity of personal intercourse with Christ, and see Him, as we may if we will, and we shall not want any more arguments and logical defenses of our faith.—*A. Maclaren.*

Monday, 12th. John x. 1-6.

Ver. 3. "To him the porter openeth." It was God the Father through the Holy Spirit Who opened always, and still opens, the door to Christ. Long before the Redeemer appeared in this world, the Holy Spirit opened for Him the door of prophecy. Whatever criticism may do in elucidating the prophecies, we know that the Old Testament throbs and thrills throughout with the promise of the Redeemer. The Old Testament is full of the Christ to be. It is a Book of yearnings, of expectation, of assurance, and when we read it as Christ read it, then and then only can we understand what it means. Beginning at Moses, and He could not begin earlier, the risen Lord expounded in psalm and prophecy, in vision and in parable, the revelation of Himself, till they who heard Him found their hearts aflame.

It was the Porter Who opened for Him the doors of breath. The immaculate body of the Child Jesus was the creature of the Holy Ghost. The angel said to the Virgin, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee: . . . . therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." When the royal hour of time, "the clear sapphire hour of manifestation," at last arrived, the Holy Spirit was fulfilling His promises, and opening the door. It was the Porter that opened to the young Child when the angels, the star, the shepherds, the wise men gathered round Him. Our Lord was really and truly of the substance of His Mother, and that which was born of a woman is Brother to us. But it was by the Holy Ghost that He became Incarnate.

It was the Holy Ghost Who opened for Him the gate of His public ministry. The heavenly Voice cried, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The Holy Ghost descended upon Christ when He was baptized in Jordan.

It was the Holy Ghost, Who had opened the portals of life to the Lord Jesus, Who also opened for Him the portals of death. When the time came when the Good Shepherd was fain to give His life for the sheep, the Holy Spirit opened for Him the gate of righteousness. And even as the Holy Spirit had opened for Jesus that gate of righteousness which was the door of Death, so He opened for Him the gate of Resurrection.

When our Lord rose from the dead He tarried with His disciples forty days in a strange inviolate tranquillity, in which no enemy moved to hurt Him. Then when He had strengthened, taught, and calmed them, the Porter opened for Him the doors of glory. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

At Pentecost the Holy Spirit again opened the door to Christ by sign and wonder and miraculous gift. To Christ the Porter opened three thousand hearts. And it is thus that the history of the supernatural Church redeemed by the blood of the Lamb has continued and will continue.—*W. Robertson Nicoll.*

Tuesday, 13th. John x. 7-11.

Ver. 10. Jesus *came.* All other messengers of God and all other men are sent. "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." And that is the explanation of the lives of us all, and of our presence here in this world. We are here, and there is nothing we are more conscious

of than that we had no choice in our coming. Jesus came. And it is this voluntariness that marked all His life, this conscious freedom of personal choice, that gives to His life such pathos and dignity, that makes His humility and love so amazing, that invests His vicarious Death with such awe and grandeur. The only compulsion that was upon Him was the compulsion of love.

Jesus came bringing life. His own explanation of Himself was that He came from God, the Fountain of life, and had life in Himself. It is also the explanation which those who tarried with Him as His close companions give. He had life in Himself, and has life to give to men. The great thief of man's life is sin. Sin is the great destroyer. Jesus is the great Enricher.

But Jesus came bringing life to a city of death. We speak about the struggle for life, whether it be our own life or the life of others. Why a struggle? With whom or with what do we wrestle, from whom do we flee? Death. The effort of every man's life is to outrun death, to keep as long as he can out of reach of its clammy clasp and blighting breath. The world is a hungry graveyard, and time the city of death to which Jesus came bringing life.

Jesus came bringing life to a city of death where men long for life. Man hates death; those who rush to it by suicide are pitied as insane; and the Bible—in all that it says of it—mirrors man's thought and feeling.

Here, therefore, there is a message for the two classes into which the world can always be divided, for those who know Christ and those who do not, for those who have tasted of His spirit and want more, for those who do not have it and evidently do not want it. The message to those who are yet away from Him and under condemnation is: Christ came, bringing life. Then there is a message for Christians. He wants us to have an opulent life. He comes to give abundant life. But this abundant life does not come by haphazard. The spiritual world is an ordered world, and we have the abundant life in measure as we strike the roots of our life deep into Christ's Spirit; and as we receive abundantly the dews of His grace we shall be fat and flourishing, we shall bring forth much fruit, our leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever we do shall prosper.—*D. L. Ritchie.*

Wednesday, 14th. John x. 12-16.

Ver. 12. The picture of the hireling shepherd is introduced just when the allegory has reached its highest point of thought and uttered its noblest message: "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." That is the last heroism of faithfulness, the final seal of sacrifice; the unutterable, convincing tragedy of love. Suddenly our gaze is turned to another scene.

Still we are among the sheepfolds. Still a shepherd is keeping watch. And lo! a gaunt and hungry wolf leaps into the flock before their shepherd's eyes. And in a moment the shepherd drops his heavy staff, wraps his long outer garment about his waist, and flees for his life. And the wolf has its cruel will of the deserted sheep. Surely Jesus set this shameful picture of the coward shepherd fleeing like the wind with the snarl of the wolf in his ears just where He did set it—against a fair background of courage, love, and sacrifice—to warn us against unfaithfulness in life's high task, and to teach us what manner of men we must be if we are to do that task as it should be done.

"The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling." How those words get brought down through our work into our character! How they search the hidden springs of action in human life! And we do not submit willingly to the searching. We are prone to believe that there is a good deal of chance work in life, and that much that we say and do (chiefly, be it said, our least creditable words and deeds) has but a very slight and casual relation to what we really are. How often men salve their consciences for something not quite true in speech, or just in action, by assuring themselves that, after all, they are in the main truthful and just in character! How they silence the judgment of conscience on their evil ways by singing the praises of their good disposition! And this is a perilous and even disastrous way of making life's reckonings. Character, be it good or bad, is the determining force of action. That is the law of service. And to acknowledge this is vital to that profound moral and spiritual amendment that is the secret of all good works.

"The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling." But that is too often the last reason he gives to himself or to anyone else for his flight, and so he goes on being a hireling. His explanation of his action is that he was taken by surprise, or that he was tired (forgetting, by-the-by, that he was not too tired to run), or that he had not a reliable weapon in his hand, or that he went to seek help. The only thing he will not say is that he ran away because he is a poor, mean-spirited fellow, who tries to get as much as he can out of life, and to give as little as possible in exchange for it. The hireling is a hireling till the day he dares to take into his soul the bitter shame of calling himself one. And in that very confession he becomes something better than the thing he has confessed himself to be.—*P. C. Ainsworth.*

Thursday, 15th. John x. 17-18.

Ver. 17. There is something in His simple statement, "I lay down my life," which forever makes it impossible to doubt the voluntariness with which He undertook and carried out the task of the world's redemption. His Death was not, as is often affirmed, a mere object lesson of the love of God without propitiatory significance. Still less was it merely the inevitable end of a life lived out of touch with the current ideas of the day, and hence but an example of moral heroism. The Cross is gruesome as a pulpit, but glorious as an altar. And it was as to an altar that He willingly went, sustained by the consciousness that He laid down His life "for the sheep." Calvary was not a costly mistake, but the glorious consummation of a plan embraced in its entirety from the beginning.

But, beyond His delight in the Father's will, there was a further compensation to Christ for all the pain of His redeeming sacrifice—"the joy that was set before him." This was the joy which He here expresses as taking His life again. There is delight inherent in the doing of all noble deeds, which is as a sustaining power to the one who stands alone. There is deep joy, too, in the very act of alleviating misery and pain. But such was not the joy which took the Saviour "as a lamb to the slaughter." His was the anticipated delight of calling forth by His very sacrifice such responsive love as should secure for Him undisputed sway over the lives of His loved ones. He laid His life down that He might take it again in other souls—souls gratefully yielded to Him in such completeness as that He should dwell in them and continue through them His work of blessing the world. Wherever a sinful heart recognizes Him as Saviour and gladly receives Him as Sovereign, there He realizes "the joy that was set before him."

And all that may be said in this respect with regard to Him may be said with equal force with regard to His followers. He has left them an example that they should follow His steps, and in some sense every Christian is a reincarnation of His Spirit. "Until Christ be formed in you," is the objective toward which all the ministries of His grace unite, and as this the possible increasingly becomes the actual in our experience, so the law of His life shall be the law of ours.—*J. Stuart Holden.*

Friday, 16th. John x. 19-42.

Ver. 24. In our concrete life, amid all outward things, most of us would be better understood if we said less. The things of the hour demand a plainness of speech that befits the definition and brevity of the hour. It is our duty to put a thing into a nutshell—if it is no bigger than a nut. But when we try to put illimitable truth into a nutshell, we leave a good deal of it out. And that which we may think we have stated we have probably misstated. Limitation is own brother to perversion. History tells us that it has never been more than a few steps from the shrine of the partly true to the shrine of the wholly false.

But if you leave the last word of the Jews' plea out of your reckoning, the plea itself is still a pitiably blind and vain one. "If thou be the Christ, tell us." That appeal, as it stands, reveals an utter ignorance of the way the truth advances in the earth and makes its conquests in the souls of men. That advance and conquest are not made essentially by means of words. The truth depends strangely little upon verbal statement. The two great bonds of social life are justice and love. Look at these things. Consider the very terms of their existence. Honor, one of the loveliest blooms of justice, dwells in silence. It is an unutterable thing. To try to state it is to make it something less than it is. To explain it is to make it impossible. To fling it about in gusts of words, as men have flung it, is to reduce it, as men have reduced it, to a mere fiction, void of all that is vital and binding. Without honor, life at its best is impossible. But honor is the last thing that is mentioned among honorable men. The knowledge of a thing comes not by the telling thereof. No man was ever told anything finally worth knowing. No hearsay ever broke the silence of life's inner room. It is not by means of the utterances, the assertions, the dictations and definitions and reasonings of them that teach that ever any man gained one truth for the everlasting succor of his soul. The hours that bring the truth into a man's soul are hours when the truth stands before him, in all its radiant beauty too fair to need adorning, in all its splendid strength too strong to need support, in all its final and irresistible simplicity too simple to be interpreted. And the question of how many and how luminous these hours shall be we each decide for ourselves. Jesus Christ came to kindle that light of truth for us in every hour and place of life. He has made all the hours luminous for the humble and obedient heart. In Him the eternal truth is always with us.—*P. C. Ainsworth.*

Saturday, 17th. John xi. 1-10.

Ver. 9. I want to use these words as a lamp to illumine some of the characteristics of the Lord. For they seem to me to irradiate first, the earnestness; second, the fearlessness; and third, the fretlessness of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Christ's Earnestness. What first arrests us, reading the life of Jesus, is not His strong intensity of purpose. It is only

gradually, and as our study deepens, that we feel the push of that unswerving will. We slowly discern the pressure of a mighty purpose moving without a swerve towards its goal. For that whole-hearted zeal there were many reasons. One was the certain knowledge of the Lord that there were only twelve hours in His day. It is always very wonderful to me that Christ thus felt the shortness of the time. This Child of eternity heard with quickened ear the muffled summons of the fleeting hours. Most men, as Professor Lecky says, are afraid to look time in the face.

Christ's Fearlessness. It was when the disciples were trying to alarm Him that Jesus silenced their suggestions so. It is always a source of buoyant strength when a man comes to see that his *way* is ordered. But remember, according to the Master's doctrine, our times are fixed as surely as our ways; and if we are here with a certain work to do, which in the purposes of God must be fulfilled, no harm can touch us, nor is there power in death, till it draws to sunset and to evening star. And just here we ought to bear in mind that the true measurement of life is not duration. We live in deeds, not breaths—it is not time, it is intensity that is life's measurement.

Christ's Fretlessness. Never was there a life of such untiring labor that breathed such spirit of unruffled calm. Every day was thronged with incident or danger. Yet through it all, with all its stir and movement, there is a brooding calm upon the heart of Christ that is only comparable to a waveless sea asleep in the stillness of a summer evening. All that God calls us to, and all that love demands, are fitted with perfect wisdom to the twelve hours. Therefore be restful; do not be nervous and fussy; leave a little leisure for smiling and for sleep.—*G. H. Morrison.*

Sunday, 18th. John xi. 11-29.

Ver. 16. This was the devoted resolution of Thomas directly our Lord had given the word to His little company to return into Judæa, quite well knowing that the position in that district had become so bitter that not only had His enemies threatened His life, but had even attempted to take it. But now His friend Lazarus had fallen sick and died, and there was something in that which showed Christ that it was His duty to return to Judæa whatever the result. He knew He was doing nothing rash in returning to Judæa amongst His enemies. The work presented itself for Him to do, it was a work of God, and it had to be done. He knew that the issue of this would be, in some most emphatic way, to the glory of God, but He was unable to communicate this to His disciples. To them it appeared impossible that it could end in anything but despair. These level-headed men were beginning to count the cost of following Jesus Christ—they had been realizing how much it meant. There comes a cost greater than they expected—they see failure and death reach first their Master, and then themselves. Their first thought seems to have been for their Master. But presently, perhaps when they saw Christ's resolve was made, their bearing showed signs of fear for themselves, and this makes Thomas revive their courage by saying, "Let us also go, that we may die with him."

It is not easy to mistake the meaning of these words. It meant that the faith of this disciple in Christ was dead at that moment. Something remained to him, something which he could not break away from, something which, for its own sake, was worth quietly and ingloriously going to meet death for—it was the Person of Jesus Christ, and in the wreck of his fondest hopes, in the overwhelming disappointment and shame at the failure of what had been full of the promise of success, this disciple of Jesus remained true. He was ready, therefore, to offer to Christ devotion and loyalty to their farthest limits—even to the sacrifice of life, a sacrifice of life with no glory or grandeur attaching to it save an unseen and unknown glory.

This hardly seems to be a counsel of despair. We have here a real example for all Christ's followers in days of darkness and difficulty. We are confused and disappointed, and a darkness looms around and ahead. It becomes more difficult to engage in prayer and worship, and the people who were so sure of God's Word, once such a world of comfort, once such a rich source of inspiration, find its voice sounds uncertain. Once so Divine in tone and teaching, it now becomes more and more obscure. At such times there is only *one* thought that can lead to the light again out of darkness. The real help is self-sacrifice. "Let us also go, that we may die with him." Only when we are ready with set faces to go right into the heart of the struggle, only when we are ready to go on sacrificing more and more—only then can we hope that to us will come the light, the power. With the spirit of self-sacrifice—only let it be real—the darkness will pass away.—*Selected.*

Monday, 19th. John xi. 30-37.

Ver. 35. This is the shortest verse in the Bible, at all events in our English Version, and it is one of the most familiar and most affecting; but have you ever noticed what a problem it presents?

Why did Jesus weep? It is no wonder that Martha and Mary and the friends who had come to comfort them concerning their brother should weep as they stood beside

his grave; but why should Jesus share their sorrow and mingle His tears with theirs? He knew what He had come thither to do. He had come to dry the tears of the mourners and fill their hearts with gladness by bringing their dear dead back to life. Why then should He weep, knowing what would presently come to pass?

Why did Jesus weep at the grave of Lazarus? Was it simply because His compassion was so quick and tender that He was touched even by unreasonable sorrow? It may be so, but there is a deeper reason for those tears of Jesus.

He knew what the eternal world is and what glory lies behind the veil; and He did not weep because Lazarus was done with life and its gladness and sunshine; no, but because His friend had passed "to where, beyond these voices there is peace," and He must summon him back, must fetch the wanderer who had got home out once more into the weary wilderness. And His tears say to us: "Oh, if you only knew the glory which lies behind the veil and which I know so well since I dwelt there from everlasting; if you only knew that radiant world of rest and peace and joy, you would never wish your dead back in this dark world of toil and tumult and sorrow; you would rejoice that they are at home with God."

Our Lord asks us to make a double venture of faith in view of the dark and solemn mystery of death and the Hereafter. He asks us, on the one hand, to trust in the providence of God. There are worse sorrows than death, and perhaps the loved one has been taken away from the evil to come. It is all so dark to us, but God knows, and Jesus asks us to trust God and believe in the wisdom and goodness of His appointments.

He asks us to accept His assurance that, if we be His, there awaits us, in the undiscovered country whither we are hastening, an undreamed-of glory, things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—*David Smith.*

Tuesday, 20th. John xi. 37-57.

Ver. 41, 42. This prayer is one of the prayers of thanksgiving, and it serves to set forth three great essential truths. (1) The first is this: that Jesus had already been praying over this matter. "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me." Jesus unquestionably is referring to a prayer experience in the past. Perhaps it was at the time when He first received news of Lazarus' sickness. He prayed and God gave Him the assurance of the answer to His prayer. When He started over across the Jordan back to Judæa to the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, He had the full assurance that Lazarus was to be raised from the dead.

(2) And then it is also suggestive of His unwavering confidence in His unity with His Father. "I knew that thou hearest me always." The life of Jesus as we find it revealed in the four Gospels is one constant submission to the will of His Father. He says, "I do always those things that please him." If we go back to the twelfth year of His life we find Him in the Temple setting forth the fact that the will of His Father is His first consideration, and if we go to the last day of His life, yonder in the Garden of Gethsemane, we find Him setting forth the same truth, "nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt"; there is a constant coöperation between His will and the will of His Father, and He knew the final issue at the grave of Lazarus because He knew that His will and the Father's were one.

(3) He prayed also, that those about Him might know, as He said, that the Father had sent Him. It is for this reason that in this prayer we see Him in the outset lifting His eyes towards heaven as much as to say, "Yonder is My source of strength and power." I believe in psychological law. I believe that it is a great science. I believe that we are now just upon the verge of comprehending it. I believe that in the days to come it is to be recognized as one of the great laws of nature. But I do not believe that the power of Jesus was obtained in any sense by psychological law. He was the Author of psychological law, and there is a vast difference between one being the slave of a law and the subject of it. He was the Author of the law, and therefore its Master. Jesus Himself was the Power. With His will He could change the course of planets, conserving all the laws that govern them. With one stroke of His hand He could turn the earth and change day into night, and so with respect to the miracles of Jesus. Jesus Himself is the great miracle-working Power, and He need not subject Himself to any law save the law of Himself. He was a perpetual walking Miracle wherever He went.—*Len G. Broughton.*

Wednesday, 21st. John xii. 1-22.

Ver. 21. This is, in the first place, the cry of the scholars and the students of the world. We sometimes feel inclined to be annoyed, angry, with scholars or students who put before us some different reading or account than we are accustomed to. But do let us do them justice. Although often they make a mistake, for the last fifty years what the scholars and the students of Europe have been trying to do is to "see Jesus": it is to get back behind what they think later traditions, what they think accretions on the old faith, what they think

disfigurements in art; back to the real Jesus, the real Jesus Who walked the streets of Jerusalem and climbed the hills of Galilee. "Sir, we would see Jesus," is the cry of the modern student to-day.

So it is the cry of the great multitudes in our cities. I have lived for nine years in the poor parts of London; and among the people themselves I have never heard a word against Jesus Himself, except on the lips or through the lips of some professional Secularist lecturer; I have never heard a word uttered among the poor people against Jesus Himself, though in their minds they are constantly contrasting church or chapel with Jesus Himself, and they seem to say to us: "Stand aside; sometimes you misrepresent Him. Hush your quarrels about doctrine, hush your quarrels and disputes about Church government. 'We would see Jesus.' Stand out of our way; we want to see Him with our own eyes."

To see Jesus and to be Jesus to the world is the absolute vocation for which every one of us was born. I mean, when you look into the trouble which God has taken with the world; when you think over what was the object of the Incarnation—the astounding Incarnation which we take so lightly, we who have been taught it since childhood; when you ask why it was that God revealed the first great mystery, what there was behind the veil, and showed Himself in the Person, in the faith of Jesus Christ; why it was that He had to lie upon the Cross and pour out His precious blood; why He rose again and broke the powers of death; why the great windows of heaven opened again, and down came the falling of the Holy Ghost; why to barbarous Britain was sent in the power of the Spirit the Christian Church; why in fullness of time you were born upon this planet and in this generation, and were baptized into that Christian Church,—there is only one answer: That the object of being alive at all, the whole point of being a breathing, living person on this globe, is that you may see and be Jesus in the world.—*Bishop Winnington-Ingram.*

Thursday, 22nd. John xii. 23-28.

Ver. 24, 25. In the first of these verses the great Teacher indicates the need there is for His own vicarious Death; and in the second, He asserts a practical principle which must have its place in the lives of His followers, a principle which borrows its crowning sanction and its energizing motive from His own Death.

Jesus affirms a necessary connection between His own Death and the triumph of His cause: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." "Much fruit." The metaphor points to the vast discipleship which shall yet gather around His person, and respond to the spirit of His matchless life. Jesus did not desire a nominal discipleship, however influential and widely extended. There must be moral oneness, the sense of a common life, participation in the same great experience. This saying does not directly raise the abstract question of the nature or necessity of a redemptive sacrifice, but it implies that the human mind is so constituted that some such doctrine is a primary demand in any system which aims at deep and world-wide success. The need that Jesus should die to vivify others with the principles of His own life does not rest only upon the constitution of the human mind, but has its Divine side also. God could not bless, accept, and sanctify a sinful world, bringing it into mystic union with Himself, apart from the processes of an atoning Death.

Jesus lays aside the symbolism of the seed corn, and states a plain principle of sacrifice through which the lives of the disciples must be conformed to His own. Whilst affirming a common law of surrender for Himself and His disciples, Jesus in no sense obliterates the stupendous dividing line between His sacrifice and the self-abnegation of those whom He fills with His Spirit. Redemption was a solitary act to which one holy and unspotted Being alone was equal, and we are neither called upon nor competent to lay down our lives to redeem men. Vivified by Christ's Death and made to share His Spirit, we ourselves must become a seed corn, and go into the darkness and humiliation of the earth, to continue for others the life we ourselves have received. We must sacrifice the lower allurements to taste the higher joy and blessedness of our Lord.—*Selected.*

Friday, 23rd. John xii. 29-50.

Ver. 29. There are many things to which we can give lower or higher meanings, and we see how clearly this is illustrated in the scene of this verse. There came a Voice from heaven: it was the Voice of God. And to some it was nothing but the roll of thunder, there was nothing miraculous or supernatural about it; but to others, gifted with finer sense, and among them it may be the shepherds who had been on the hills at Bethlehem, there was something in the sound that was inexplicable unless it had fallen from the lips of angels. It was the same note that struck on every ear. It was not the same note that struck on every heart. At the back of all we see and hear there is our character, and our character reacts on everything that reaches it.

Now I might illustrate this truth in many spheres. (1) Let me ask you to think of the world of Nature. It is the same world to every one of us, yet to every one of us how different it is! To a poet there is a

voice in every breeze, sermons in stones, books in the running brooks; but to Eugene Aram, cursed with a sense of guilt, every branch in the forest seemed to point a finger, and every zephyr whispered of detection. One world—yet some will call it a machine, and others will find it instinct with Divinity. (2) Or turning from Nature we might think of human life, the common life we are all leading. It is very surprising, when you get deep enough, to discover the oneness of all human hearts. But then the strange thing is that men should take that life, that common stock and harvest of experience, and should view it so differently and give it such different colorings as it passes through the alembic of their characters, that for one man life becomes a glory, and for another man life becomes a curse. (3) Then I often think of this verse and of its bearings when I read the Gospel story of the life of Jesus. What a moral test and touchstone was that life—take some of His great miracles and see what happened. "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub," the scribes said; and His friends and relatives said, "He is beside himself." But the common people, when they saw the miracles, immediately glorified the God of Israel.

It is when we give such things their higher meaning that we are nearer to the truth. None of the bystanders gauged the Voice correctly. Whose was the voice that spake? It was the Voice of God. The chances are that in nine tenths of our judgments, you and I, like those Jews, are quite astray. But whatever you are judging, lean to the nobler side. If it is thunder or angels, vote you for the angels.—*G. H. Morrison.*

Saturday, 24th. John xiii. 1-13.

Ver. 13. Jesus Christ has proved to be the Master in this world, because He can produce the greatest effects by the simplest means and out of the most unpromising material. When Christ came to the world, if I may so say, there was a philosopher who was in possession, the great Greek philosopher—Plato. What did he say? He said, "Bring me your best minds, your most intellectual souls, all the first-class material in the world, and I will show you what I can do with it." But what is the use of that to the average man—who is not first-rate, intellectually speaking? Jesus Christ was distinct from every other philosopher and teacher, from the fact that He said, "Bring me your worst, and I will show you what I can do with it." Jesus Christ stands acknowledged as the Master because of what He can make out of other people's leavings. Why, till Jesus came no one ever thought of seeking in the gutters to make saints; it is not the sort of place in which you expect to find them. But that is where Jesus found them.

All power lies in being mastered by Christ. Do you remember what Paul said? He said, "I was apprehended that I might apprehend." Do you know what the word "apprehend" means? To lay hold of, to grip. No minister ever grips a congregation who is not first of all gripped by God. And that is what we want—for all power does lie in being mastered by Jesus Christ. —*C. S. Horne.*

Sunday, 25th. John xiii. 14-38.

Ver. 15. "Imitation" is not the first nor the last nor the deepest word of the Christian Gospel. Indeed, the imitation of Jesus is itself possible only as a result of some more vital process. Nevertheless, imitation has its place among the Christian duties. "Be ye . . . . imitators of God, as beloved children," says Paul, "imitators of me, even as I also am of Christ."

The great fact to be kept steadily in mind is this, that the standard of life set before us in the New Testament is to be found not in a code of laws, but in a *character.* "We are called," says Dean Church, "to the study of a living Person, and the following of a living Mind." It is not the letter, but the spirit of Christ's life which is binding upon us. Do I need to spend one moment in proving, or rather in affirming, Christ to be the Perfect Example? Alone of all the sons of men He was without sin. His was a perfection full-orbed and complete, lacking nothing.

How, then, can we imitate Christ? How can we become like Him? (1) If we would grow like Christ we must know what Christ was like. To your Gospels! One meeting a week less and one chapter a week more may not be a rule for everybody, but there are multitudes of Christian people in whose spiritual health that simple change of diet, honestly followed out, would soon work wonders. (2) If we would grow like Christ we must keep Him steadily before us. We grow like those we live with, those we love; every day beholding, we are transformed; and the same law holds here.

We must be with Christ, we must learn what He is like—is that all? is there no more to be said? Then can I never be like Him. I follow That Life through all "the sinless years that breathed beneath the Syrian blue," till my whole soul throbs with the wonder of it. But imitate it—how can I, I with my weakened will, my besetting sins? There is the great problem, not the ideal, but its realization. He Who is our Example is also our New Life. It is the indwelling Christ Who alone can make possible the *Imitatio Christi.*—*G. Jackson.*

Monday, 26th. John xiv. 1.

It is marvelous indeed that the Lord Jesus should think of any other than Himself at such a time as this. His own awful

burden of sorrows is pressing upon Him as never before. Over Him hung the black shadow of that dreadful death. Here in the Upper Room He sits at the Last Supper. And now it is that the Face, so sad, so troubled, looks around on the little company. There is a great silence. We wait expecting the sorrowing Saviour to appeal to them for constancy and sympathy. But instead of that He forgets Himself. His thought is only of them. Towards them His heart goes out in eager tenderness, and yearning over them with an infinite pity He saith, "Let not your heart be troubled." Of one thing now let us be perfectly sure—nothing can ever make our Lord forget us.

If we turn from the Master to the disciples the words seem equally strange. For them trouble seemed to be the only fitting thing. "Let not your heart be troubled: . . . . believe in God, believe also in me." What did it mean? It meant this: "Yes, all is black and dreadful, but do not let it drive you from Me. Come near to Me—trust in Me. In spite of all, find in Me your strength and refuge." There never is, there never can be, any dark and awful revelation which is to drive us away from Him.

Once again turn the words and see in them the two sides of this great trouble. The disciples saw one side only, and were troubled, indeed. The Lord Jesus saw the other, and said: "Let not your heart be troubled: . . . . believe in God, believe also in me." They saw only one side of the mystery—the grief, the loneliness, the shame, the agony. But the blessed Lord stood and saw the other side—the glory that should follow. Well might He whisper, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

Tuesday, 27th. John xiv. 2-3.

Ver. 2. A candle does not go out when you blow it out, it does not really go out, it passes into another sphere, scientists tell us; and if the candle does not go out, is the personality likely to go out? Why, there was the Bishop of Lincoln, writing two days before he died letters of farewell, quite himself, without much pain at the end, sending me a beautiful message which I shall treasure all my life, dictating it, quite himself, in mind, brain, loving heart, everything; do you mean to suppose that he has gone out, that he has ceased to exist? If the candle does not go out, personality cannot go out.

Now, as we think over what the good news amounts to—I mean, when we have got it—it almost paralyzes us by its glory. But when we quietly think it over, and think what the secret amounts to, we will find it amounts to five things.

The first, of course, is that there is the Happy Land, this place of peace beyond the veil.

Secondly, we shall be the same in the other world. Five minutes after death you will be exactly the same person as five minutes before. As a matter of fact, death makes no difference whatever to a person. The real terror of death is that it is no change at all. If five minutes after death you are the same as five minutes before, you are living in a fool's paradise if you think death is going to change you from sinner into saint. You have to be changed before death. "He that is holy, let him be holy still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still." Therefore, we make a mistake about death if we think it is going to change us from sinner into saint. But, on the other hand, what a comfort to know that that dear friend is the same on the other side, still loving us, still caring for us, still praying for us, still the same to us! Why, it is everything.

Then, thirdly, as we turn over the secret, we become certain that in that world beyond the grave there will be a growth in character. I mean, people often say, and it is a real difficulty, "My friend, So-and-So, he was not very good and was not very bad; certainly not at all fit at once to go and join with the saints and the angels in Paradise." Your conscience says, "Well, I do not think so yet." "I do not feel myself ready," you say. "If I were to die tonight I should feel I might be redeemed, restored, forgiven, but I should feel that I wanted a great deal of preparation to go and live forever in the presence of the holy angels among the holy saints." And that is the truth underlying what is called purgatory. When you have all the teaching about the cleansing fires brought in, it is, of course, to meet the obvious difficulty that our friends do not seem ready, and we do not seem ready. But there is another fire which makes people grow, better than the fire spoken of, of purgatory, and that is the glorious sunshine of Paradise. I fully believe that we do not stop growing. If we stop growing, we stop living. But in the sunlight of Paradise we go on at the feet of Jesus growing in grace, growing in character, and getting more and more fit to spend eternity in heaven.—*Bishop Winnington-Ingram.*

Wednesday, 28th. John xiv. 4-7.

Ver. 6. Christ is the Way, for He recovers man from his godless wandering. The metaphor views man in the light of his practical obliquities. A few false and fatal steps have served to separate him from the Fountain of eternal good. Sin hides the Father's face. It sweeps us on its mighty and insidious current beyond reach of the Father's house. A way is that which makes movement in some specific direction possible. Movement towards God is impossible without the work of Jesus Christ the Mediator.

Jesus Christ brings together in His own person the two most distant objects the whole circle of the universe can contain. God dwelling in unapproachable light, and man wallowing in guilt, worldliness, transgression.

Christ is the Truth, for he recovers man from his godless error. The metaphor looks upon man from his intellectual side. Men are estranged from God in their thinkings, "alienated from the life of God by reason of the ignorance that is in them." Christ answers our intellectual need. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Scientific truth puts us into intelligent relation with the world of established scientific fact. Historic truth puts us into intelligent relation with the facts that have determined the growth of particular types of government and civilization. Sociological truth puts us into intelligent relation with the facts that have moulded the social life of mankind. Jesus Christ puts us into intelligent relation with all the vital facts of God's being and nature and government.

Christ is the Life, inasmuch as He raises men from their godless insensibility and death. He is the great Life Center. He stands forth in the midst of the universe to counterwork the disintegration and decay that set in when the tie binding all life to its first center was ruptured by transgression. Our shrinking at death will be best cured by the Divine love and friendship of which Jesus the Mediator is the Minister in our hearts.

Christ's words present a corrective to all distracted faith. He asks from His followers concentrated thought and attachment and expectation. All saving prerogative, all teaching wisdom, all ennobling inspiration, are gathered into His own person. We also are warned against all low and dishonoring views of the Saviour's work and person. In these words Christ expressly puts Himself between God and the souls of all mankind.—*Selected.*

Thursday, 29th. John xiv. 8-14.

Ver. 12. You can unlock a man's whole life if you watch what *words* he uses most. Did you ever notice Christ's favorite words? They are such words as these: world, life, trust, love. But none of these was the greatest word of Christ. His great word was new to religion. That word was *Father.* The world's obligation to the Lord Jesus is that He gave us that word. Not one man in a hundred, probably, has a central word in his Christian life; and the consequence is this, that there is probably nothing in the world so disorderly and slipshod as personal spiritual experience. Now the thing which steadied Christ's life was the thought that He was going to the Father. If we take this principle into our lives, we shall find its influence tell upon us in three ways:

1. It Explains Life. What is my life? Whither do I go? Whence do I come? these are the questions which are not worn down yet, although the whole world has handled them. To these questions there are but three answers. (1) The poet tells us, and philosophy says the same, only less intelligibly, that life is a sleep, a dream, a shadow. Whither am I going? Virtually the poet answers, "I am going to the unknown." (2) The atheist's answer is just the opposite. Whither am I going? "I go to dust," he says, "death ends all." And this explains nothing. (3) But the Christian's answer explains something. Where is he going? "I go to my Father." This is not a definition of his death—there is no death in Christianity; it is a definition of the Christian life. Now this explains life. It explains the two things in life which are most inexplicable. For one thing, it explains why there is more pain in the world than pleasure. And why there is so much that is unexplained.

2. It Sustains Life. Take even an extreme case, and you will see how. Take the darkest, saddest, most pathetic life of the world's history. That was Jesus Christ's. See what this truth *practically* was to Him. It gave Him a life of absolute composure in a career of most tragic trials. This is the Christian's only stay in life. It provides rest for his soul, work for his character, an object, an inconceivably sublime object, for its ambition.

3. It Completes Life. It is quite clear that there must come a time in the history of all those who live this life when they reach the Father. When they are yet a great way off, the Father runs and falls on their neck and kisses them. On this side, we call that Death. It means reaching the Father. "Pray moderately," says an old saint, "for the lives of Christ's people." *Pray moderately.* We may want them on our side, he means, but Christ may need them on His. There are three classes to whom these words come home with a peculiar emphasis: (1) They speak to those who are staying away from God. "I do not wonder at what men suffer," says Ruskin, "I wonder often at what they lose." (2) They speak, next, to all God's people. (3) And this voice whispers yet one more message to the mourning. Did death end all? "Is it well with the child?" "It is well." The last inn by the roadside has been passed—that is all, and a voice called to us, "Good-bye! I go to my Father."—*Henry Drummond.*

Friday, 30th. John xiv. 15-27.

Ver. 27. "I give." We are in spirit gathered around the Son of man almost at the very moment of His exit from this scene of earth and time. He is, so to say, making His will; in modern phrase, He is

disposing of His possessions, He is devising and bequeathing legacies. We may easily and happily imagine ourselves to be present at the distribution of His property. In a sense we can readily understand the Saviour is His own Executor; again and again He says, "I give." We want to know what it is that He gives, and to whom He gives it, and for what purpose He bequeaths it. Surely this is an interesting spectacle and a thrilling engagement. The Son of God is just about to leave the earth, and He calls His friends together, and through them He calls the Church of all coming ages, and He devises and bequeaths and endows and enriches with both hands and with His whole heart.

The words now quoted from the Gospel of John may be regarded as a motto rather than a text. It is a motto pointing towards detailed statements; the particulars of the devising in which Jesus Christ is now at this historical moment engaged. Every word of His was always more precious than jewels; if possible the closing words are more precious than any that went before them. There is a softness, a light, a starry gleam about them which almost compel us to mix our metaphors and devise new ones, that we may represent the feebleness of our impoverished expression. Let us be as near Him as we can that we may hear the will. It is not the will of some dying plutocrat or pauper. It has nothing to do with gold and silver and houses; it has to do with blessings, comforts, inspirations, and assurances that exhaust all language and turn the soul into one fervent dream and brilliant but speechless imagination. His Voice will be low and tender, but well heard if well listened to. We could hear much if we listened much.

Hear these beautiful words spoken by the Son of man: "I have given you an example." He took a towel and girt Himself, and took a basin filled with water, and He began to wash the feet of the disciples, and He wiped them with the towel with which He was girt, and then He said, "Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example." We have nothing to do with the literal illustration. We deprive ourselves of the greatest spiritual blessings by insisting upon the literal word and the literal instance. The example was not one of feet washing, it was one of humility, condescension, brotherly service, willingness to help, accounting everything dignified and beautiful that was inspired and illustrated by the Lord. That is one clause of the will which we are now reading.—*Joseph Parker.*

Saturday, 31st. John xiv. 28-31.

Ver. 31. The words of Jesus, "Arise, let us go hence," are also full of the mystery and the pathos of our human life. For the story of the world from the beginning until now is a story of human fellowship always crossed and broken after a few years more or less by inevitable departures. If we are to live, and not merely exist, movement there must be onward, and not merely circular movement. The true growth of every truly living soul is made through a succession of goings hence out of circumstances, relations, positions, habits, into new scenes, surroundings, associations, duties, and experiences. What an echo there is of the whole world's grief in the passionate and bitter wail of Lear, "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay, a little longer stay"! It is the helpless cry of our poor pleading hearts in the presence of inevitable change and loss. Things, pulsations and passions must remain, but human lives pass away. But there may be no serious disturbances and changes in our outward existence, no call out of city or neighborhood, or from one field of labor to another, and yet there is a constant call to leave old and familiar habitations and resting places, mental, moral, spiritual, and to "arise and go hence" into regions of new life, a life of new aspiration, new thought, new purpose, new endeavor. The same great necessity is often felt in the sphere of ecclesiastical relation. It is by fresh light from heaven the churches truly grow.

"Arise, let us go hence." How often do we wish, like the first disciples, to remain in the bright and peaceful moods of religious feeling and communion—those moods which put far from us the care and strife of the world! And so in our seasons of holiest tranquillity and delight the inexorable call is heard. It is not enough that we are ready to sit down with the Master at His feasts of love, to be uplifted and soothed and swept away by His words, which are spirit and life. We must rise and go out with Him, to be His companions along hot and dusty roads, in rough and hidden places, where there are no eyes to see and no hands to applaud, amid scenes of danger and suffering, and in the valley of the shadow of death. And following Him, we shall always be in the right place; we shall always take the right step; we shall not lose, but find the true blessing of life.—*John Hunter.*